The Revolution.

THE TRUE REPUBLIC.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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The Revolution.

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Poetry.

LINKS WITH HEAVEN.

Our God in Heaven from that holy place,
To each of us an angel guide has given;
But mothers of dead children have more grace,—
For they give Angels to their God and Heaven.

How can a mother's heart feel cold or weary,
Knowing her dearer self, safe, happy, warm?
How can she feel her road too dark or dreary,
Who knows her treasure sheltered from the storm?

How can she sin? Our hearts may be unheeding,
Our God forgot, our holy saints defied;
But can a mother hear her dead child pleading,
And thrust those little angel hands aside?

Those little hands stretched down to draw her ever
Nearer to God by mother love: we all
Are blind and weak, yet surely she can never,
With such a stake in Heaven fail or fall.

She knows that when the mighty angels raise
Chorus in Heaven, one little silver tone
Is here forever, that one little praise,
One little happy voice is all her own.

We may not see her sacred crown of honor,
But all the angels flitting to and fro
Pause smiling as they pass—they look upon her
As mother of an angel whom they know.

One whom they left nestled at Mary's feet,—
The children's place in Heaven,—who softly sings
A little chant to please them, slow and sweet,
Or smiling, strokes their little folded wings;

Or gives them her white lilies or her beads
To play with;—yet in spite of flower or song,
They often lift a wistful look that pleads
And asks her why their mother stays so long.

Then our dear Queen makes answer she will call
Her very soon: meanwhile they are beguiled
To wait and listen while she tells them all
A story of her Jesus as a child.

Ah, saints in Heaven may pray with earnest will
And pity for their weak and erring brothers;
Yet there is prayer in heaven more tender still,
The little children pleading for their mothers.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

For saving I be joined
To her that is the fairest under heaven,
I seem as nothing in the mighty world,
And cannot will my will, nor work my work
Wholly, nor make myself in mine own realm
Victor and lord; but were I joined with her
Then might we live together as one life,
And reigning with one will in everything
Have power on this dark land to lighten it,
And power on this dead world to make it live.

From Tennyson's "Holy Grail."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Alice Cary, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

The Born Thrall.

BY ALICE CARY.

CHAPTER III.

WALSH HILL then proceeded to discuss the rights of women, the upshot of all being summed in the conclusion. "They hain't got no rights at all, of theirselves; what we men are a mind for to give 'em is the whole of it!"

His philosophy of marriage was stated on this wise:—"It's the cheapest and comfortablest way for a man to live, a girl with fifty acres and some household stuff to be preferred, and a stiff bit from the beginning!"

"I've now and then seen a gentle creatur," says Barber, "that never required a stiff bit at all!"

Hill drew himself up. "Don't you go for to fool yourself," he said, "the stiff bit can't be dispensed without, under no circumstances! Courtship is one thing, and married life is another! and don't you go fur to give a woman her head, when she onct belongs to you, cause it's a percedent that she'll foller up! You must pull tother way on principle. If you naturally have a smilin' countenance, you've got for to swap it, for an austere one, when you come for to be man and wife. Your wife promises to *obey*, an' it's her part for to do it, and it's your part for to see that she does it. Don't you go, even in the honeymoon, for to stick handles on to her name, sich as, my dear, an' the like o' that! Nothing so belittles a feller! When she's dead you can put *beloved wife* onto her tombstone, if you like, it looks well, and don't do no harm; but while she's *yours*, and she is *yours* as long as she lives, don't you go for to make a fool of yourself."

Then Barber said, laughing foolishly, "that he didn't expect ever to be married himself, it wasn't likely anybody would have him."

"I wonder," says Hill, growing confidential under the influence of the Bourbon, "what ole Gresham perposes to give his girls! Reckon he'll portion 'em; and he must have some 'ers 'bout three hundred acres, hasn't he?" He then said, "as a general rule, he was against giving much to girls, but them girls was an exception."

"I see which way the wind sets!" cried Barber; "which one is it?"

"Well, sir, I've got no secrets from a bosom friend—it's Becky. I've just about made up my mind for to have her!"

"Maybe she wouldn't have you!" says Barber.

"Lord! any girl would have a feller for the askin."

"I had thought, until what you told me today," said Barber, in a mortified tone, "that Killigrew was in love with Caroline!"

"In love!" cried Hill scornfully—"I don't know what a feller means when he talks that way—there ain't no such a thing; and if there is, no man was ever into it; it might do for some folks to talk that way, but for you!"

He then said, admitting there was such a thing, and that Sime Killigrew was into it, it would not make any diffgrence with his destiny. "That's fixed," he said, "and it ain't fixed in a way that 'ill make him my brother-in-law, nuther! I'm ambitious for to have money in the family!" and he nodded towards Gilbert Smith.

"I don't think you can manage that so easy," says Barber, and no doubt the wish was father to the thought.

"I do, then; me and Vilet together."

Barber colored, and made haste to change the subject.

"Just see my oxen," he said, "one lying down, and the other standing up! It must be uncomfortable for the necks of both of 'em, yoked so unequally." Here the conversation turned upon cattle. They discussed the advantages of rearing fine breeds, the improving of breeds by crossing, the importance of boiling certain grains and vegetables for food, the necessity of clean and comfortable sheds, abundant litter, wide and various pastures; also the need of full supplies of water, and of constant and careful attention.

Upon this subject, their conclusions were sound and sensible—they reasoned from what they knew, leaving hearsay, vague tradition and common practice quite out of the question. They argued that if cattle were starved at home, or in any way deprived of their natural rights and requirements, they would learn to kick, hook, leap fences; in fact, demoralize generally. Nevertheless, they found in all this no hint of higher possibilities for the human race, no suggestion of the saving grace, of cheerful and comfortable homes, of kind and careful culture, of free air, and full exercise of mind and body. It did not occur to them that nature will avenge her slights in man as readily as in the brute. It did not occur to them that Providence does not send directly, from his mysterious hand, all the shapeless and misbegotten abortions that afflict humanity—all the low and unlovable creatures that are always and everywhere suffering out the length and breadth of the ignorance and sin of parents, and of society. Any idea of this nature would have been scouted as not only indecent, but also as a reflection upon the Divine Power.

I have known a man, esteemed, honorable, and upright, a light in the church, and exemplary in all the relations of life, to build with his own hands a cage of strong wood and iron, to furnish it with a little straw, and a ragged blanket, and then to chase from fireside and table, and from among her frightened brothers and sisters, the foolish child, whose foolishness

should have been a perpetual reproach to him—chase, and catch, and confine her from the sight of men and women—away from the sun and the flowers—from playmates, and from all agreeable and humanizing influences, and keep her thus, year after year, till the height of her cage was insufficient, and she grew crooked in body as in mind. But this is anticipated.

"By the way, ole chap," says Hill, "do you perpose to follow up brickmakin', or do you contemplate a change of employ?"

To be addressed as ole chap, was a compliment; Barber was touched, and became confidential. He did propose a change—he proposed to buy a little farm as soon as he was "forehanded" enough, and he owned that he indulged a hope—audacious, he knew, of making Miss Violet Varney, Mrs. Barber! "at least I did indulge the hope," he said, "until you told me Killigrew was in love with her. I'm no match for him."

"Then I say agin, strike him in the dark!"

"No, I can't do that, and besides Violet would do much better to marry Killigrew."

"Why Joe, what a fool you are—thinkin' what's best for her—that *is* rich!"

Barber pulled at the grass, and asked his companion what he contemplated for himself.

"Marrying a snug settlement, in the first place, and then goin into some o' the perfessions. I've thought some of doctorin'; I like to see broken bones, and its a perfession that don't require no study—a good deal of pertence—but that I've got natural gifts for." He then stated his own theory of practice.

"In the first place," he said, "I'd go where I wasn't knowed, and hire a store some'rs right the meetin' house. I'd pervide myself with a fine horse, a big pair o' saddle-bags, and some good cutlery. I'd look solemn, and make myself mighty agreeable to the women folks—there's a fortune in that. I'd wear whiskers, and a big gold watch chain with seals onto it, and then I'd learn some Latin words, and use 'em into my conversation about town, and that's the way I'd get into practice. When I got a patient I'd give out that he was dangerous, and then I would aim to make him believe it. I wouldn't allow him to eat—I'd shut air and sunshine out o' the room, and I'd give him lots o' medicine. I'd visit him twice a day, and sometimes into the night—have him sot up with, and broke of his rest, and his mind would thus weaken with his body, and he'd think his only hope was in me. Then you see, I'd let in the light and feed him, and he'd get well of himself. Then I'd say, you've been into a narrow place, sir, I've got you out—and I'd charge high!"

"My talent pints in so many ways," he went on, "it's embarrassin'. I've thought of takin' to the law—the whole art of that perfession lies in knowin' to present a black thing like as if it was white, and stickin' to it like a burr to a sheepskin. To a man who is ambitious, like me, the law is the most promisory—it leads fastest to Congress, and the Presidency, and that's the way every free-born American citizen has a right for to look."

"Did you ever think of writing a book?" suggested Barber.

"Yes, *sir*; but it's too darned vulgar! I can't lower myself down to that. I'd beg first. I could a writ as well as the best o' 'em, if I'd a put my mind to it—I could a writ all of them plays of Shakspeare's, an' I'll tell you how I know. I've took 'em up and gone over 'em line by line, and I'll be dog-on if I could see one word that I could change for the better! You see he's used all the best things there is for to be used, but if he hadn't done it, I *could*—he had the advantage o' me in pint o' time, that's the whole of it, an it's the way with the whole of them chaps that we call famous. You just try to change a single word in any of 'em an' see if you can doit! 'Taint no disgrace to us to keep still, but to try for to write now-a-days when it's all been writ, that, sir, is a disgrace!

And in this estimate of himself Hill was perfectly sincere—for aught he knew, he might have been the author of Paradise Lost, if he had only been born in time.

Mr. Killigrew said of him, wittily one day—"In his own estimation, he might have been 'Will,' and what is he?"

He wasn't sure, but he'd like a fureign mission. "I don't care for the aristocrats over the pond," he said, "I'm as good as they are! If I was for to come across Queen Victory onto her throne, it wouldn't dash me none. I'm American born, and, sir, I feel the proud pereminence it gives me!"

"Really, Hill," says Barber, "we ought to set to work. Gresham won't get his new house any too soon—the old one won't hold his children much longer—ten already!"

"If a wife o' mine was to impose such a family onto me," says Hill, "I wouldn't pervide for 'em. *No, sir*, I'll be dog-on if I would! There goes Car'line, now!"

With her sun-bonnet drawn close about her eyes, as if she were conscious of being observed, Caroline Gresham passed out of the door-yard and descended the long slope to the bottom, where a brook ran choked with mint, and a variety of fragrant weeds and water plants.

Letting down one bar of the fence, she slipped through, and was in the orchard, in the corner of which, on a patch of bright green grass the week's washing was laid down to bleach. An apple tree grew there, in the fork of which, there was always in summer a bird's nest, built of sticks and mud, and beneath this tree, there bubbled up a spring of water, surrounded with iron weeds, and red-topt clover.

Many a time when she came there, Caroline had sat down beside this spring, and gathered the wild flowers, and long ribbons of grass—many a time she had raised herself on tiptoe, looked into the bird's nest, and counted with innocent joy the small eggs, or the young birds. Now she did neither, but, instead, sank to the ground, and burying her face in her hands, shut out from her eyes the sunshine which had already been shut from her heart.

Poor young woman, she had had, for the most part, no time for tears, but the hour was come now, when they must make their own time. It was not for her, however, to give way very long, and, suppressing the sobs, she could not wholly control, she arose, and turning the corner of her apron over one arm, proceeded to gather from the grass a variety of baby clothes, that lay bleaching there.

"That's a mighty fine young woman," said Hill, indicating Caroline, and addressing Smith, and he added, "more'n that, she's half in love with you!"

He then said to Barber—laughing behind his hand—"I've got the thing started, and I'll put it through, too! Once get an idea into Smith's head, and he's the devil to stick—his father is a *Babtis*, you know."

Barber would rather have burst in ignorance, than ask what a Babtis was—but he felt that it must be something tremendous, and subdued the rising curiosity.

While the two men thus idled away the time, the air grew suddenly dark again, the clouds running into each other, made the sky one leaden mass, and a few big drops of rain began to splash heavily on the hard, trodden ground of the yard.

All was hurry now—the bricks must be gotten under cover at once. Simon said—and with his head bare, and his shoulders bent under the weight of boards, he moved quickly from place to place, and even when the rain was pelting furiously, not a hand deserted him, 'till all was secure.

When the hands were gathered beneath the shed, Walsh Hill, whose umbrage against the youngest hand had in no wise subsided, taking advantage of the slightest hint, no doubt, accused him boldly of castin' disrespectful looks onto him, and threatened to knock him into the middle of next week.

The lad denied the charge, and by way of retaliation, said directly, that he rather thought the upper lip of a certain gentleman would afford a nice roomy place for them movers coming down the next hill, to camp on for the night.

This little burst of satire was followed by a good deal of merriment, quite regardless of any sensitiveness on the part of Mr. Hill, at whom it was pointed, personal defects being regarded as legitimate subjects of ridicule in the brick-yard. The hilarity was almost immediately checked, however, by the nearer approach of the movers, as forlorn and miserable a set of creatures, apparently, as ever sought to better bad fortunes.

First came an old rickety cart, drawn by two starved oxen, and a lame ass, the latter leading, and straining every nerve to keep from being trodden down by his wheel companions. Bulging out of this cart, all manner of wretched household stuff was to be seen; among the rest, lashed on behind, and in dreadfully soiled condition, was a feather-bed, to which was attached for greater safety, perhaps, a big violin, wrapped in rags, like a mummy, and with just a little of its brown face visible. Hanging over the sides of the cart, and fastened by a curious variety of ropes, chains, and strips of skins, were an old chair or two, a table, a spinning wheel, a cradle, and a ragged hair trunk.

Seated forward of the main heap—herself a heap—was the ancient mother of the tribe, guiding the ass by means of a thorny stick, and a rope rein, and holding on her lap a sick boy, whose legs and arms swung loosely about as they jolted along. If she had a bonnet, she had thrown it aside, and her calico night-cap, hung on the back of her neck, her white hair fell in strings about her ears, that were white too, and stood out stiff as if frozen or dead. Her mouth was far sunken between her toothless gums, her fingers lean, long and crooked like claws, and her face as brown and shriveled, almost, as an old shoe, burnt out at a winter fire. Part of a bed-quilt, with tags of cotton protruding from it, protected her shoulders, and in some sort protected the boy, whose narrow and freckled face, as it lay in her bosom, looked more like the egg of a guinea-hen, than anything else. Her petticoats were tucked up, and her feet and legs hung down outside the cart, quite bare, except for their coating of mud.

Dragging behind, came the men and boys—half a dozen in all, perhaps—looking dull-eyed and pitiful, benefited with laziness and idleness, and seeming to lack the enterprise to look to the

right or left. One or two of the old men wore shoes without strings and gaping at the toes, the rest were barefoot; and all wore butternut-colored coats and trowsers, battered hats, or hair caps, set on the back of their heads, and one and all carried guns on their shoulders and had dogs between their legs.

The women brought up the rear, one of them leading a famished cow by the horn, and the rest carrying budgets, made up of crockery ware, shirts and other clothes, corset-boards, ham-bones and potatoes. They all wore grizzly dresses, and sun-bonnets of calico, and all had faces much the color of the sand-hills of Carolina, from whence they came.

Behind these two, riding on one old mare, came a couple of women, whose condition would not admit of their walking all the time, miserable objects as ever were seen, their faces expressive of melancholy foreboding, and their bare legs dangling below their wet and treacherously close-clinging garments. They wore handkerchiefs on their heads, tied under the chin, and small capes, made of raccoon skins, on their shoulders, and with such slight protection, bided as best they could, the peltings of the pitiless storm.

The old mare, thus beridden, was the saddest object of all, perhaps; her ribs seemed to be trying their best to get out of her, her tail was nearly as bare as that of a rat, her neck was awry, and her white eyes roiled in and out as she stumbled and felt her way with cracked and broken hoofs.

While yet within sight of the brick-yard, beneath a clump of trees at the road-side, they halted and camped for the night, confiscating fence-rails enough to make a fire, and picketing the oxen, the lame ass, and the old mare,—a work of supererogation one would have thought, as the poor beasts were too tired to take advantave of the widest liberty. The arms were stacked, the dogs crept under the cart and lay there with lolling tongues, the older women lopped together on the ground about the fire, and the younger, bringing forth an iron pot, and a tin kettle, together with some bones and potatoes, set about the preparation of supper.

The sick boy had a board given him to lie on, and a budget placed beneath his head—they were all seeking a new and better country, and he was come very near it, poor little lad!

While the hands were yet leaning over the road-side fence intent upon the movers, a handsome carriage, drawn by two splendid bays, dashed by, "that's Deacon Meader's turnout!" cries Hill, "an' that's the Deacon himself, a-driving! did you see him bow to me?" Then he explained that the little-faced woman, sitting back, and muffled so close, was the Deacon's wife, "an invalid by perfession,"—he said—that the dark, strong woman beside her, was Madame La Brue, French governess to the bold-eyed little girl, who sat beside the Deacon and flourished the whip. "That woman," says Hill, "is head of the whole concern—homely, as she is, she can just wind Job Meaders round her finger; and as for Lady Meaders, she's nothin' but a baby into her hands!"

But what made his listeners gap with the wildest wonder, was the announcement that she spoke five hundred different languages! "The North Pole language nigh about as well as the French, and that she runs off," he said, "just as easy as I do the English!"

He then said, "that the Deacon's hat just fit him, and that he was hand in glove with Job."

"What may the North Pole language be?"—inquired the youngest hand, but Hill silenced him with the single exclamation—"*Ignoramus!*"

We shall see more of these people in the course of this story, but it need only be said, just now, that they had come to the neighborhood within the year past; that their house and grounds were the finest in the township; that they were the centres of pride, admiration and curiosity, and that to be on visiting terms with them, was to be distinguished. Walsh Hill had been to assist the gardener during the planting season, and upon this he founded his boast with regard to the hat and gloves of father and son.

While the hands were thus idly gossiping, Simon Killigrew, sitting alone beneath the shed, and with eyes wandering now and then to the Gresham homestead, sought as best he could to master the art of speaking and writing correctly. He held before his face a small English grammar, so much thumbed and worn as to indicate long and habitual use; but from some cause he could not now distinguish nouns from pronouns. It was all in vain that he endeavored to concentrate his thoughts, they were restless, uneasy, apprehensive. Not a drop of rain leaking through the roof plashed upon his page, but his heart beat the quicker for it; not a bird sought shelter among the rafters and twittered its little song, but it seemed to him to be crying, not singing. Do coming events really cast their shadows before?

The sun went down at last, upon a set of dripping, hungry, discontented men, but no one except Hill uttered a word of open complaint. Some of them, with their hats pulled over their eyes and a brick or two for a pillow, drowsed into sleep, while others carved their names with jack-knives on the posts that supported the sheds, or wrote them with chalk upon bits of boards, encircling them with many a fantastic flourish, obedient to the love of beauty and the desire to shape some memorial of ourselves which, consciously or unconsciously, exists within us all.

(*To be continued.*)

ONE CONVERT.

BY HENRIETTA PAYNE.

> While I touch the string,
> Wreath my brows with laurel,
> For the tale I sing
> Has for once a moral.—MOORE.

In the House of Representatives, the other day, Gen. Butler was roaring out his great speech on Reconstruction.

I was listening with interest.

On the seat close by me sat a good-looking, young man, apparently some well-to-do farmer, come to spend a week or so at the political metropolis, and look after the national interests.

Suddenly there was a movement and confusion, directly beneath the gallery. Evidently some little side discussion was going on. You must know the House is not always so orderly as it might be. Why! I've seen a dozen members on the floor at the same moment, all demanding "Mr. Speaker," and each endeavoring to call louder than the rest. It seems like a little Bedlam let loose sometimes. To go from the noisy debates of the Representatives to the calmer and more dignified deliberations of the Senate is such a relief!

Well, as I was saying, there occurred just then one of those little interruptions.

"There he is!. There he is!" loudly whispered my afore-mentioned neighbor; actually laying his hand on my arm in the excitement of his enthusiasm.

"There *who* is?" said I, expecting to see Parson Brownlow, or John Morrissey, at the very least.

"There is M. S. Wilkinson of Minnesota! The candidate *I voted* for! I tell you, Miss, it makes a man feel good to see his own chosen representative in our halls of Congress!!! It is the very next thing to being elected one's self."

"Indeed?" I asked. "Don't you suppose it it would make a woman 'feel good,' as you term it, to see her representative here?"

"Well, I can't exactly say. Women are so different, you know."

"How, different?" said I. "Are they not as intelligent?"

"Yes. I must say I've often thought that some women are smarter than some men. But then," he added, "they don't know anything about politics."

"Don't they know as much about politics as many of your male voters, lately naturalized, and only recently imported?"

"By fact, that's true. Excuse my swearing, Miss, but when a new idea strikes a man, *he* must do something. I do believe my mother knows a sight more of politics than a certain Dutchman did, that voted at our last election. He didn't even know his own name. When asked what it was, he answered, 'Hans.' 'Hans what?' said the register. 'Dat ish shust Hans,' said Dutchie. 'Yes, I know, but what is your other name? Everybody has two.' The poor fellow looked dreadfully puzzled, and only pulled his hair, and bit his lip. 'Is your other name Smythe?' suggested the officer, hoping to help him out of his difficulty. 'Yah. Dat ish Smit.' It was afterwards found that his name was Hans Van Tromp!"

Here the conversation ceased for a time, and I was again absorbed in Butler's analogies, when my new acquaintance again claimed my attention.

"See here, Miss," said he, "if women were allowed to vote, they would be liable to be elected to office, and of course, would have to make speeches."

"Very well! Women can do that. Is it possible you have never heard a woman speak in public?"

"No, I never have. I've lived nearly ever since I can remember in an obscure town in the far west and am now returning to my native state for my first visit. I've read about female lecturers, but I never happened to see one. I always thought a modest woman would blush at standing up before an audience."

"We should blush only for a wrong act, never for using the talents God has given. Pardon me, sir," I continued, "but your education has been sadly neglected. One hour sitting at the feet of Mrs. Livermore, or Anna Dickinson, or Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, or a score of others whom I could mention, would give you more wisdom on the subjects of Woman's Wits, and Woman's Rights, than you are likely to get elsewhere all your life."

"I am willing to learn," he replied meekly, "if only some one will teach me."

"Tell me," I said, "what was the cause of the Revolutionary war of which you men are so proud?"

"Taxation without representation," he answered, promptly.

"Very good, sir. Thousands of women in

this country are taxed without representation of any kind."

"Have not women their fathers and brothers and husbands?"

"Many have neither," I replied, "and of those that have either, many women would vote quite differently from the male members of their family. Again, sir, I presume you will admit that 'all government derives its just power from the consent of the governed?'"

"Certainly."

"Well, here is a government trying to exist on the consent of less than half of the governed. Is it not manifestly unjust?"

"I am compelled to say, yes; and to own I am convinced; still I fear the thing won't work well; that it will upset the present order of things, that men will have to mend their own stockings, and tend their own babies, while their women go to the polls."

"I shouldn't wonder," I quietly replied.

"However," he resumed, more cheerfully, "I suppose we have really nothing to do with the practical results. The question should be, Is it *just* and *right* that women be allowed to vote?" The answer being found in the affirmative, he hesitated, and

I added, "All you should say is, '*Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum*'—let justice be done though the heavens fall."

WOMAN AS A VOTER.

SHALL a woman vote? A momentous question in the judgment of men, but as it becomes more fully discussed, its practicability will, as a grand necessity, become universally apparent. Hitherto I have ignored, rather condemned, the movement of the Woman's Rights advocates; we have felt perhaps it was not quite feminine to vote; rather indelicate and unwise; boldness to tramp the battle-grounds of fathers, brothers, husbands; that for woman is the right to nurse, and train offspring; to shed the silent tears of woman's lot; to be quiescent under man's authority; his willing vassal—to receive as a remuneration for a worn-out life, weary days and sleepless nights, bed, board and clothing—to close up with the finale of an ornamented, sculptured tomb-stone. But when we find ourselves unable to protect our own property from the rapacity of greedy politicians, our moneys disbursed for useless partizanship, untimely improvements, needless assessments, or worse, going to support sectarian asylums, and nondescript institutions, for which our religious tenets have not the least affinity, not a particle of sympathy, or else aiding to support a Tammany or Republican Ring, or Union League Ring to elect incapable men, who will only pocket the public monies and buy for themselves a "Bonner's Dexter," and ride in their carriages, and live in palatial mansions, on widows' and orphans' funds; when we behold our sisters, nothing more than society women, butterflies of fashion, attachees to men's coats for protection, their applause, and admiration—the honey that sweetens the inert existence of women of the *beau monde*—all this has changed my ideas; I cry out, give us something better, nobler than our present humiliating position as dependents—wronged as women-workers in the same earth's harvest field—wronged as women of rank, as useless puppets dancing before the organ-grinding of a male-handle turning, nothing less; as an English writer declare those "women who mount, by insensible gradations, from dolls and kittens and pet brothers, to the zenith of passion, to descend from the same insensible gradations from the zenith of passion, through pet brothers to tabby cats." In the case of the elective franchise being shared by woman, two ends will be accomplished, each bearing in itself a mountain of strength—a huge volcanic influence—in the purity of the polls, and the elevation of the female sex. The wire-pulling, the jealous vituperations, the tearing to pieces of private characters, the wholesale slanders, the newspaper revelations of past short-comings, the money spent to defeat or assist candidates to office, the traps laid to catch voters, the machinery oiled or set in motion by manœuvering political engineers to fill the ballot-box with a majority of votes for a favorite nominee—all tell the same sorrowful tale of pollution and corruption. The whole fabric of party, of either kind, sways to and fro with every ebullition of the public feeling, or manifestation of its views. The polls do not represent the sentiments of the American people. They are compounded of a heterogeneous mass of foreign elements, which are fast leading our true-born citizens in the wake of ruin. We know the "*vox populi, vox dei*," but that includes women; and as women are ruled out of the *vox populi* in the vote, man, in the elections, has no "*vox dei*." Wealth finds itself controlled; intellect bends the knee to ignorance; religion, truth and liberty wear the mantle of shame, and bow low before the swindlers who call themselves our officers of government. To bring back into a state of comparative purity the voting privilege, woman should be allowed to cast her vote and exert her benign influences. This need not strip her in the least of her gentleness or loveliness, or cause her to be the least unmindful that she is a woman, possessing woman's holy characteristics. Women never were and never will be strategists, never plotters; their whole soul forbids it, for it is natural they should judge by intuition, and reason by innate conclusions of truth and utility. She spurns the false, turns away from the bad, to exalt the right noble and to raise the righteous. Women would belie their own hearts if they gave their vote to a second-rate individual or elected an ordinary citizen. With them there would be the right kind of enthusiasm—a genuine earnestness—free from the political customs, free from the adulation of the many sycophants who surround every political wigwam; they would be more apt to judge for themselves, who was the best man, what the best principles. Women never argue, so it is said; it is well they do not, for argument seldom brings the conviction that attends simple facts. It is not denied by the warmest advocates for the exclusive right of the ballot-box, that it needs to be put in a chemical crucible, and all its adulterations, crude matter, its alloy fully eradicated. This never can nor will be done so long as man *solus* stirs the kettle. It wants the discernment, the gentler management, the more patient oversight of female experience.

Money is king, to rule and to buy power; money is not an easy market with woman; she will not be likely to part with her greenbacks to feed the appetites or avarice of fellow-men or sister voters. Bought she may be, as it has been averred in sarcasm, by a dress, a shawl, a hat; but I fear not for my sex when its faithful watchers answer to their names on the registry-roll. I believe they will stand unflinchingly before the test of truth as well as decency.

In the second place, there is no doubt woman will be elevated, ennobled. At present she is fastened to the drag-wheel of work, without remuneration or honor, or, else coiled up in the chains of fashion—a dressed doll, imbecile and useless. Labor and poor wages on one side—dress and expense on the other, until it verily appears that life is made up of toil or pleasure. We should aim to cast out the demons which force women to be machines or puppets, to level up labor to honorable employment, properly paid, to shear the gay and light-hearted daughters of the Flora McFlimsey stamp of the mushroom growth, of foolish extravagance and feminine worthlessness, idols at the shrine of fashion; to give instead the wholesome fruit of high-born purpose, grace and dignity. Work affords bread to eat, clothes to wear, fire to warm. A home, however humble, makes woman's work equal, so as she can clasp the fingers of a brotherhood in the same equality of human rights, human sympathies, not drudgery, not disgrace, but a noble duty. If the laboring man has rights, if he is to be protected by an eight hour system, if he can *strike* for higher wages, so too, hard-working women must come under the same category and be classified as co-operators in the broad field of working for an honest and honorable livelihood. If man is to have dollars, and not cents, so must she have dollars, and not cents. If he is to vote as to who shall enact laws for him, who shall govern him, she, in equity, has the same right, living under the same rule, laboring in the same vineyard of sweat of brow. Both are standing on the same platform of right and justice. Both are joined in the wedlock of remunerative work. Why should they be divorced in privileges, immunities and rights? To those who bask in the smiles of fortune, who ride in chariots with gay and prancing steeds, there will be something more to do than to dress in gorgeous robes the body, to stand before a French mirror to attire to please men. Finding themselves a little more than indestructible dolls, they will live to act, to do the better part of loving Marys and careful Marthas. The vote will elevate woman, but man more. When the hard-fought battle of Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony, Mrs. Blackwell and other steadfast advocates of woman's cause has been won in the blood-shed of man's hatred and animosity, his many poignant thrusts of determined opposition, we shall crown them with the laurels of undying fame, and carve their cherished names on the pillars of a better government, on the foundation stones of a new and more glorious nation's capitol. Woman will yet rank honorably as a voter—will place her ballot in the box with a queenly dignity and a lady-like mien. Man will gape with wonder that he did not long ago see the utility and the feasibility of woman voting. The cause is progressing. It needs only perseverance to make it victorious—a victory achieved without the talisman of money—the victory of right over wrong. A. P. A.

LADY BYRON.

BY JOHN NEAL.

THE summary just published by Mrs. "Beecher Stowe," of the facts and reasons which have come out in the terrible controversy now raging over the ashes of "poor dear Byron," as Moore calls him, is, in my judgment, not only a triumphant vindication of Lady Byron, throughout the whole of her long and sorrowful martyrdom, but a complete justification of Mrs. "Beecher Stowe" herself.

But this, let me say, is no more than I have been waiting for, and *expecting*, from my knowledge of the parties.

That I have not meddled with the controversy heretofore, though supposed to have done so, from the fact that my son wrote a brief article, without consulting me, and signed it "N," has been owing to my belief that Mrs. "Beecher Stowe," the greatly misunderstood and sorely calumniated friend of Lady Byron, would most assuredly justify her action, if left to herself, though she could not say of herself what another might have said of her, without extravagance.

Her three principal points, out of many, instead of being a mere repetition of what she had said before, a simple reasseveration of her "story," as alleged, by some of our newspaper scribblers, who thereby prove their want of acquaintance with the book itself, I would not charge them with dishonesty, for large allowances are to be made for editors, reviewing books in a hurry, by the score, and often, if not always, without reading them, but they might be "*prejudiced*" perhaps, like Sydney Smith—are admirable, and worthy of the ablest living lawyer; and so indeed, with one single exception, is the whole argument. Allow me to present them anew.

1. Would Sir Samuel Romilly, she asks, and Dr. Lushington, both eminent lawyers, and both familiar with the common-law courts, the ecclesiastical, county and chancery practice, have counselled Lady Byron as they did, or threatened Lord Byron as they did, if he persisted in refusing a separation or in claiming the custody of his child, or the restitution of conjugal rites, unless they were prepared to show—not by vague rumor, or surmise, or inference, but by unquestionable and overwhelming *proof*, the truth of Lady Byron's story, and therefore, of something utterly incapable of excuse or palliation; something atrocious and unbearable, on the part of her husband.

2. And would Lord Byron have yielded to their threats, and agreed to a separation, and given up the child to her mother, and all his claims upon that mother, had there not been something terrible to fear from exposure?

3. And up to the very last, while pretending not even to know of what he was accused, and taking the whole world into his confidence, while preoccupying the magazines and news papers, everywhere, would he have continued to quail and cower as he did before these threatenings, if it were not a question of life or death for him? Would he not have called his calumniators into court, and insisted upon his conjugal *rights*, as a husband and father?

But even these three most conclusive arguments are only a portion of the case.

The explanation of Lady Byron's behavior toward the Hon. Mrs. Leigh, after she had been satisfied of her guilt, by what she saw with her own eyes, and after this, by the wretched woman's confession, must be both satisfactory and conclusive. The scandal was of such a nature that if it came to be known and believed it would have been death, not only to "dear Augusta," but to dear Ada, "sole daughter of her house and heart." And therefore it was that she smothered the dreadful secret, until years after the death-bed acknowledgment of that guilt, when it was communicated, in all its horrors to her friend Mrs. "Beecher Stowe," to be used, at any time it should be necessary in her judgment, for lady Byron's vindication.

And was it not *necessary*, after the appearance of Guiccioli upon the stand? Was it not a terrible necessity indeed, after that book was adopted and solemnly authenticated by *Blackwood*?

We are all constituted somewhat alike. We begin with expecting too much of our fellow-men. But as we grow older and become better acquainted with ourselves, we get more reasonable, more charitable, make longer and yet larger allowances for transgression. So was it with Lady Byron.

The dishonored wife, the wronged mother, and the betrayed companion, might well be forgiven for seeing such atrocities, as the world saw them, at first, but the tired and patient christian woman, after whole years of pitiable submission and silent, uncomplaining resignation, from which nothing could move her, but the defence of her father and mother, and then of herself, might well be excused for her charity and gentleness toward that sister of her departed husband.

One thing more. What, after all, was the guilt of Byron? What the nameless horror charged upon his memory? Beyond all question, just what the "Vindication of Lady Byron" establishes.

By the way, it is not a little curious that in a review of Manfred, in 1816-17, which appeared in the Portico, a Baltimore monthly at first, and then a quarterly, I was led to charge Byron with "endeavoring to blind us to the guilt of incest." As a poet, I had enthroned him above the stars; but as a man, though we knew little of him in this country, at the time, I regarded him as a sort of melo-dramatic personage turned adrift upon the world, as if out of Astley's amphitheatre.

And the passages I then cited from that wonderful poem, in proof, are now before me. Let me give two or three specimens:

> My injuries came down on *those who loved me,*
> *On those whom I most loved.* I never quelled
> An *enemy*, save in my just defence—
> But—my embrace was fatal.
> She was like me in lineaments."

he says,

> ——Her eyes—
> Her hair—her features—*all*, to the very tone
> Even of her voice they said were like to mine.

And she was the one—one only for whom he cared in the wide world. Her heart "gazed on his—and *withered*." And finally—

> It was the deadliest sin to love as we have loved."

And yet, he still adjures the "beautiful spirit"—with "her eyes of dazzling glory."

> One word in mercy—say thou lovest me!

But enough. The hateful story is now told. Let it sink into the ground forever! But while excusing and palliating the great transgression, and sorrowing for the dead, let us not wrong the living nor disturb the ashes of the innocent and helpless.

P.S.—I had forgotten the single "exception" referred to. Mrs. "Beecher Stowe" would corroborate her own testimony by bringing up her sister to verify—what?—her own story to that sister at the time! This, however, though not legal evidence in itself, must be to those who are acquainted with Mrs. "Beecher Stowe," the next best thing to it. Had she told a different story, then it would of course be sadly against her. Why, then, should she not be strengthened by the concurrent recollection of one having so deep an interest in the subject?

THE Legislatures of Iowa, Kansas, and Wisconsin, have each elected a woman as engrossing clerk.

THE CURSE OF LABOR.

BY ELLEN M. HARRIS.

THE loud cry of these progressive times is "equal pay for equal work, regardless of the sex of the worker." It is taken up even by stringent conservators of "woman's sphere," as an atonement, it would seem, for ages of injustice, or as a bribe to pacify the restive subject of said injustice into fresh contentment with the spirit of her bondage. That conservative journals and people should join this almost popular cry, is not surprising, inasmuch as they scent in the social atmosphere a warning odor of disaffection, which threatens to become a malaria to their apparent interests. Nothing more natural, under this grave aspect of affairs, than a resort to their universal remedy compromise. But that radical reformers should waste efforts and arguments in support of a half-way and already conceded principle, is inconsistent with the literal meaning of the term *radical*, *i. e.*, *going to the root*, and is equivalent to doctoring a cough to cure a consumption. What is the cause of the inequality between the wages of the sexes? Exclusion of one sex from the right of political self-government? Remotely, yes. Denial of political equality is the basis of all the partial justice (paradoxical phrase) which has, from time unchronicled, afflicted womankind. But there is a cause nearer in kinship, and easier to trace in all its bearings upon the effect in question. The family genealogy of unequal wages runs thus: From partial suffrage springs partial legislation; from partial legislation proceeds *exclusion from free choice of occupation*, and from this exclusion results inferior pay for equal work. Latitude of choice restricted, the few occupations whose doors are left unlocked are thronged to overflowing; supply exceeds demand by a thousand fold. Hopeless competition annihilates independence and tyrannizes over its victims with the alternatives of pitiful wages or starvation. Until this cause is removed, philanthropy may continue to appeal in vain for abolition of the injustice.

The external evils of this restriction I do not propose to trace; they are already well known in the crowds of fallen women, pauper women, overworked and dying women, that throng the civilized (?) world. It is another phase that I am about to review. From the Hebrew Scriptures we have the tradition that labor was visited upon mankind as a curse for disobedience to a divine mandate. But what becomes of this statement when science demonstrates that throughout the universe of matter, whether of mass or atom, organic or inorganic, the law of motion (*labor*) is the law of its very existence? Nature knows no negations, permits no vacuum, tolerates no idleness. To follow an inherent tendency is a necessity and a pleasure; therefore labor, abstractly considered, is not, and never was, a curse. The human mind, like the inferior entities, must obey the strongest law of its nature, *growth*, growth in harmony with itself if it may be, in antagonism with itself if it must be, in the first case a beauty, in the last a deformity, but in either irrepressible. The need of the soul to give itself outward expression, to stamp its likeness upon a creation of its own, is an incentive to labor immeasurably greater than material compensation, for it is the inborn, God-given purpose of life, however vaguely revealed. The only remaining question is, how it can manifest

itself most perfectly? Nature responds by pointing it to that work for which it has the strongest attraction as the one best adapted to the development of its peculiar individuality, and in no other can it, in the highest sense, be useful and happy. But shut it off from the easy and beautiful, because natural, avenue for the expression of its best powers, and what follows? Goaded by the inexorable law of growth, it cannot rest passive, but forces itself, however painfully, into some indirect, unknown channel, there to shock all who witness its abortive efforts with a sense of its unadaptedness, and to torture itself with a perpetual misery of conscious perversion. In this sense we find literally realized the old fabled curse upon labor. To him who is unadapted to his work, it is a daily agony; his body is wasted, his heart and are brain consumed, on the one hand, by the compulsory service of faculties unequal to the strain they are compelled to bear, and on the other, by the uncessing struggles of innate powers chained in forced unuse. Was there ever an invented cruelty more supremely cruel? Yet such is the cruelty which the ignorance of centuries has inflicted upon woman, the being who is, of all others, pre-eminently creative, in whom is developed, in the highest degree, the impulse of self-expression. Men of imagined wisdom, your apportionment of "woman's sphere" has reared a monument of misery so high that it stands at last in sight of the whole world a witness against you!

Other vocations mainly closed against her, the throng of womankind has, for centuries past, flocked through the one open door of marriage. Not that all would so have done could they have forced a passage into some new thoroughfare; for all did not enter thereinto as upon an ideal of happiness, but with a passive acceptance of the sole portion proffered by a parsimonious fate. Hence arose rivalries, jealousies, contentions, and their long retinue of feminine arts and intrigues. "Play your part well, else, in the face of such multiplied competition, you will never have opportunity to fulfil the destiny for which you were ordained." Such, practically, was the exhortation of that age to womankind. How terrible a menace involved therein, only the soul threatened with the living death of an aimless existence, can appreciate. But the spirit of progress has, at last, moved upon the waters of humanity, and behold a change! the present era boasting of a few callings, aside from matrimony, conceded to be within the range of the femenine *sphere*. There are women who delight in their skill with the needle, there are others who derive especial pleasure from the instructing of the young, and others again, who find their keenest enjoyment in the scheming activity of trade. These embrace their respective vocations as their chosen sphere, live true, and therefore, useful and successful lives. But such, unhappily, is not the fortune of all. What shall be done with the surplus millions who have no adaptation, and hence, no calling, to any one of these employments?

How few suspect the intimate relationship existing between a true vocation and the soul that chooses it! The misery of an ill-assorted conjugal union has its analogy nowhere but in that of an uncongenial occupation. Curiously, the two matters most closely pertaining to the happiness and degree of usefulness of a human being, i. e., choice of a life-partner and of a vocation, are treated with the same utter indifference; affairs of mere chance or temporary convenience, involving not the shadow of a philosophy of adaptation.

Robert Browning's "Any Wife to Any Husband" might with equal sarcasm be paraphrased "any vocation to any human." Miss Thompson's farm adjoins that of Mr. Brooks, therefore it is well that Mr. Brooks marry Miss Thompson for the convenience of annexing the two domains. Again: Mr. Brown wants a saleswoman for his store; hence, Miss Mussy, a poor girl, dependent upon her own toil for support, being out of work, ought to proffer her services, though she may have no more capacity in the mercantile line than Queen Mab.

Thus the world moves on, heavy with its weight of needless sorrows; the wrong men yoked to the wrong women, and these to false occupations, fretting away health, happiness and life in a vain endeavor to break the chain that galls them, or a still vainer striving to suit themselves to an element for which they were never designed. There is no law more inexorable than—*what God hath put asunder let no man join together!* Incompatibles will *not* harmonize, and worse than wasted are all attempts to force them into an impossible union. If, then, a true vocation is imperatively needful to develop in man or woman the utmost and best that is implanted there, it follows that absolute freedom of choice is essential to the selection, for every individual soul must interpret its own needs. This secured, the demon of unequal wages will vanish into insignificance, as the giant of the fable dwindled as a wreath of vapor into his perpetual prison-box. And then only will the mountain of oppression, so long piled upon the genius of woman, be leveled and scattered as the dust of the earth.

FUNDAMENTAL RIGHTS.

St. Louis, December 30, 1869.

Dear Revolution: So thoroughly am I satisfied that the surest and most direct course to pursue to obtain a recognition of woman's claim to the ballot, *lies through the courts of the country*, that I am induced to ask you to republish the resolutions that I drafted, and which were unanimously adopted by the St. Louis Convention of 6th and 7th October, 1869. And I will here add, that to accomplish this end, and to carry these resolutions into practical effect, it is intended by Mrs Minor, the President of the Missouri Association, to make a test case in her instance, at our next election, to take it through the courts of Missouri, and thence to the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington City.

The account in the last Revolution in reference to this, as to a difference of opinion among the lawyers engaged in the case, is calculated to mislead, and I therefore wish to correct it. There was no difference of opinion whatever as to the rights or merits of the case, but only as to whether it would be advisable to begin the case at the *special* election then held, or wait until the general election in November, 1870; and then on account of some features in our local registration law—not in the least involving the principle at issue—it was deemed best to postpone it until the November election.

I think it will be admitted that these resolutions place the cause of woman upon higher ground than ever before asserted, in the fact, that for the first time suffrage is claimed as a *privilege, based upon citizenship*, and secured by the Constitution of the United States.

It will be seen that the position taken is, that the states have the right to *regulate* but *not to prohibit* the elective franchise to citizens of the United States. Thus the states may determine the qualifications of electors. They may require the elector to be of a certain age, to have had a fixed residence, to be of a sane mind, and unconvicted of crime, etc., because these are qualifications or conditions that all citizens sooner or later may attain; but to go beyond this, and say to one-half the citizens of the state, notwithstanding you possess all these qualifications, you *shall never vote*, is of the very essence of despotism. It is a bill of attainder of the most odious character.

A further investigation of the subject will show that the language of the constitutions of all the States, with the exception of those of Massachusetts and Virginia on the subject of Suffrage is peculiar. They almost all read substantially alike. "White male citizens, etc., shall be entitled to vote," and this is supposed to exclude all other citizens. There is no direct exclusion, except in the two states above named. Now the error lies in supposing that an enabling clause is necessary at all. The right of the people of a state to participate in a government of their own creation, requires no enabling clause; neither can it be taken from them by implication. To hold otherwise, would be to interpolate in the constitution a prohibition that does not exist. In framing a constitution, the people are assembled in their sovereign capacity; and being possessed of all rights and all powers, what is not surrendered is retained. Nothing short of a direct prohibition can work a disseizin of rights that are fundamental.

In the language of John Jay to the people of New York, urging the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, "silence and blank paper neither give nor take away anything," and Alexander Hamilton says (*Federalist*, No. 83), "Every man of discernment must at once perceive the wide difference between silence and abolition."

The mode and manner in which the people shall take part in the government of their creation may be prescribed by the constitution, but the right itself is antecedent to all constitutions. It is inaliable, and can neither be bought, nor sold, nor given away. But even if it should be held that this view is untenable, and that women are disfranchised by the several state constitutions directly, or by implication, then I say that such prohibitions are clearly in conflict with the Constitution of the United States, and yield thereto.

The language of that instrument is clear and emphatic: "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and of the state wherein they reside. "No state shall make or enforce any law that shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States."

It would be impossible to add to the force or effect of such language, and equally impossible to attempt to explain it away.

Very respectfully,

Francis Minor.

The following are the resolutions

Whereas, In the adjustment of the question of suffrage now before the people of this country for settlement, it is of the highest importance that the organic law of the land should be so framed and construed as to work injustice to none, but secure as far as possible perfect political equality among all classes of citizens; and,

Whereas, All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof,

are citizens of the United states, and of the state wherein they reside; be it

Resolved, 1. That the immunities and privileges of American citizenship, however defined, are national in character and paramount to all state authority.

2. That while the Constitution of the United States leaves the qualifications of electors to the several states, it nowhere gives them the right *to deprive any citizen* of the elective franchise which is possessed by any other citizen—*to regulate, not including the right to prohibit the franchise.*

3. That, as the Constitution of the United States expressly declares that no state shall make or enforce any law that shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, those provisions of the several state constitutions that exclude women from the franchise on account of sex, are violative alike of the spirit and letter of the Federal Constitution.

4. That, as the subject of naturalization is expressly withheld from the states, and as the states clearly would have no right to deprive of the franchise naturalized citizens, among whom women are expressly included, still more clearly have they no right to deprive native-born women citizens of this right.

5. That justice and equity can only be attained by having the same laws for men and women alike.

6. That having full faith and confidence in the truth and justice of these principles, we will never cease to urge the claims of women to participation in the affairs of government equally with men.

Extracts from the Constitution of the United States, upon which the Resolutions adopted by the Woman Suffrage Convention at St. Louis, October 6th and 7th, 1869, are based and may be fully verified:

Preamble. We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

Article 1, Sec. 2. The House of Representatives shall be composed of members chosen every second year by the people of the several states, and the electors in each state shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the state Legislature.

Section 4. The times, places and manners of holding elections for Senators and Representatives shall be prescribed in each State by the legislature thereof; but the Congress may, at any time, by law, alter such regulations, except as to the places of choosing Senators.—[See Elliot's Debates, vol. 3, p. 366—remarks of Mr. Madison—Story's Commentaries, secs. 623, 626, 578.]

Sec. 8. The Congress shall have power to establish an uniform mode of naturalization—to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers vested by this Constitution in the government of the United States, or in any department or officer thereof.

Section 9. No bill of attainder, or *ex post facto* law shall be passed.

No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States.

No state shall pass any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law—or law impairing the obligations of contracts, or grant any title of nobility.—[See Cummings *vs.* the State of Mo., 4th—[Wallace Rep. 278, and Exparte Garland, same volume.]

Article 4, Sec. 2. The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States. [The elective franchise is one of the privileges secured by this section—See Corfield *vs.* Coryell, 4 Washington Circuit Court, Repts. 380—cited and approved in Dunham *vs.* Lamphere, 3 Gray—Mass. Rep. 276—and Bennett *vs.* Boggs, Baldwin Rep., p. 73, Circuit Court, U. S.]

Sec. 4. The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government. [How can that form of government be republican, when one-half the people are forever deprived of all participation in its affairs.]

Article 6. The Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

14th Amendment. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside.

No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States.

The Federalist Nos. 83 & 84—Vattel B. 2. ch. 17, § 282.
Story's Commentaries, § 448.
Green *vs.* Shumway, 39 Howard's Practice, Repts. p. 5
Wilkinson *vs.* Leland, 26 Peters, Rep. 657
Taylor *vs.* Porter—4 Hill's Rep. 146.
People *vs.* Barberrich—11th Howard's Practice, Rep. 289.
Morrison *vs.* Springer, 15 Iowa 305.
Bowland *vs.* Hildreth, 26 Cal., 165—dissenting opinion of Chief-Justice Saunderson.
Twitchell *vs.* Blodgett, 13 Michigan—dissenting opinion of Chief-Justice Martin.
Sedgwick on Const. Law, 537-539, and cases cited

A TOBACCO FACTORY.

A BRIEF sketch of a tobacco and cigar factory I lately visited, may be interesting to the readers of THE REVOLUTION.

In the first work-room was stretched a long table, holding, at intervals of about three feet, the deft machines for cigar wrapping, at each one of which a young woman or girl was stationed, performing her light and compensatory labor of filling or wrapping cigars. Two or three "chore girls," as they are called, were stepping about the room, now bringing filling, now wraps, now whatever else might be wanted, to those more steadily engaged. Not in all that collection of countenances, those ranged far down the table-sides—the little messengers plying their occupation now here, now there, was there descried one single wan and weary female face. The machinery stopped for a few moments, when there was gleeful whispering and merry smiles among the younger girls, extending from one to another down the ranks, and all looked bright, intelligent, well dressed, well cared for.

On one side my attention was called with some pride, by one of the gentlemanly directors, to a little "chore girl" who had been promoted to cigar-maker. At odd times she had tried her hand at the work, on the old plan, and had so proved herself an adept that those in authority having their attention called to the circumstance, had advanced her a grade higher in work and wages; so that little twelve-year-old now sits among the women, earning her money weekly, almost with the best of them. I entered into conversation with one of the girls, who said she had been used to running a sewing-machine, but that it had injured both her health and sight—the latter very seriously. Her present occupation, she said, did not tax her eyes at all, was much less laborious and "wasting," as she well expressed it, and besides, she received nearly or quite twice the amount of wages that her former calling afforded.

By the new process, girls learn in a week to make as good and neat appearing a cigar as a man could turn out under the old system, after working for months at the trade. None of these employees earn less than a dollar a day, while many receive double the amount and more.

Up stairs again, where there are more women engaged with more tobacco, in the various stages of the incipient cigar, some are stripping, some are stemming, and some are assorting the "right hand" and "left hand wraps" as the leaf is parted from the spinal stem. Some are sitting at a machine "cutting off the tucks," as they call it, which is the last neat finish to the cigar, the severing, by measurement, of the rough broad end.

At one place where sat those so employed, a little fair-haired and rosy-cheeked boy was stationed, working away steadily beside a woman likewise engaged, who might have been his mother. They were brain new hands, each doing easy work, and each receiving a dollar per day.

The reporter's thoughts drifted in speculation to "the family." They framed a home, humble, very humble, but a home for all that, a planting place for the social virtues, where mother and son—if these were such in reality, might return each night—not broken down in frame, but physically invigorated by healthful labor, and mentally elevated by the proud sense of ability to earn their own bread.

Shades of Bumble and Corney! as progresses this era of reform in woman's work, we shall almost forget that the "Old Sallys" of "vicious pauperism" were once a strong feature of the social system; for

> "The men with sisters dear—
> The men with mothers and wives"

are waking up to the necessity of letting woman do whatever she can do well, and it is this reporter's honest belief that one such system as here noticed, practically recognizing the fitness of the labor dispensation demanded by the times, is a better sermon upon woman's *true* rights than ever came of clamoring bureaus, associations, parliaments or councils.

Commend us to the people who are practical. Suppose, for instance, the body of gentlemen concerned in the enterprise just named, had, instead of putting work in the hands, and bread in the mouths, and comfort in the homes of these poor women engaged about them, gone haranguing from place to place upon woman's right to the ballot; had they saved them as well as now?

We opine the answer the women in question would probably have given—"Has the ballot-box got any bread in it?"

All honor to the devisers, whoever they may be, of any system whereby females may honestly and honorably help to earn the bread they eat, that the married among them be what their Maker said they must, "a help meet for man," and the single proudly and properly exempted from the possibility of such a paradoxical contingency as marrying "*out* of dependence." D.

JEAN INGELOW ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—This popular and now world-wide known and read writer, in a letter to one of her friends in America, says:

"It really seems to me that in your country it is the men who are drawing woman forth from her obscurity; they are determined that she shall have her turn and see what she can do. Women authors should be the last to object to this, for they already wield a great share both of power and influence. I am sure I am most willing that mankind should do all they can to raise womankind, but not by going down themselves. At present the world is much better served than ruled. It has been served by one sex and ruled by the other. I think the hope of those who put forward Woman's Rights is this, that by taking away all restrictions, it will become easy for the strongest, wisest and best of both sexes to come to the front and rule, and that they will do it, the others being left to serve. If this is done, the world will have a chance for finding out for the first time which is truly the easiest, to rule or to serve. I think it easier to rule, but that with that position comes the great temptations to which the half that rules so commonly yields, and mainly, I think, because being at the head it can do so with impunity.

THE Queen of Madagascar has embraced Christianity and burned her idols in the streets to the consternation of her still heathenish subjects.

The Revolution.

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OFFICE, 49 EAST TWENTY-THIRD ST., N. Y.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 20, 1870.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Keokuk, Burlington, Quincy, are all fine towns in the bold bluffs of the Mississippi, the two latter with beautiful bridges which, though built of iron and stone, yet have a bright, ornamental appearance, like bracelets on the great arm of a sleeping giant.

Keokuk proposes to add another in the coming year. With all these visible links of friendship it is to be hoped that Illinois and Iowa will maintain most loving and fraternal relations.

Whoever goes to Quincy let him inquire for the Wilson House. It is a gem in the history of hotel life, kept by an Englishwoman, a paragon of neatness and order, who was housekeeper for Lord John Russell many years. But I did not tarry there long, for Col. Denman, one of the nabobs of Quincy, invited me to his charming home, where, with a circle of choice friends, discussions on Woman's Suffrage, recitations from Shakspeare, songs, etc. (the Colonel has a remarkably deep, rich voice), we had a good time. Mrs. Denman, a highly cultivated, refined, dignified woman, is the real heart of that house. The genial, witty Colonel, who is like a great rolicking boy, saying whatever he thinks, treading on everybody's toes, has no idea that (it may be a mistake to tell him) the gentle woman by his side keeps a tight rein on him, and his unconsciousness of the fact is the beauty of it.

To show you what a saucy fellow he is, he said to me at the close of my speech, "That was well done, but you made two blunders in grammar." "That is nothing," I replied, "we women have no hand in making these grammars, ten to one, they are all wrong. When Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Hedge endorse what their husbands have told us in regard to grammar, rhetoric and logic; when we have the joint intelligence and counsels of both sexes, it will be time enough for woman to bother her head with these arbitrary rules."

I found the ladies at Quincy all wide awake on clubs, libraries and suffrage. They have a fine large room where they hold their weekly meetings. The talk among the ladies is that Col. Denman is to to build a magnificent club-house for them, with a fine library, rare pictures and statuary that will be a gift in every way worthy the æsthetic tastes of so gifted and liberal a gentleman. There is nothing that gives one such confidence in human nature as to see men of wealth thus devoting themselves to the improvement and elevation of their countrywomen. As the Colonel has been a faithful reader of THE REVOLUTION for two years, we are not surprised to find that his heart now beats in the right place. Here I gave our "Young Girls," in the Opera House, and "Open the door," in the Unitarian church, on Sunday evening. After the anthem and prayer, the Rev. Dr. Hunting read, as he said, some passages of *scripture* from the great English poetess, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, that was new and startling, that any woman had written scripture worthy to be read from the sacred desk!

One of the most distinguished guests I met at Col. Denman's was Dr. Jones of Jacksonville, a man of rare cultivation and spiritual insight, the John Stuart Mill type of man, clear and philosophical. He sees all the bearings of the so-called Woman question, and instead of harrassing one all the time with petty objections, his whole thought is in the needed preparation of woman for the high destiny she is soon to fulfill.

My stay at Keokuk was so short that I had no time to see the place or people. Gave "Open the Door" to a fine audience in the Congregational church. Thinking I was still in Illinois, as that was the only appointment out of that state I had during the week, I made a slight blunder in talking to them about their constitutional convention.

From Keopuk I came to Galesburg, where I was entertained by the pleasant family of Judge Lawrence, of the Supreme Court. I was glad to find the judge and his wife liberal and progressive, and specially interested in all the new demands for woman. The Judge expressed some fear that we might not find the profession of law and all the duties of the courts especially congenial, but I suggested that it might be more pleasant to be there as judge, juror or advocate, than, as we now are, criminals to be tried without a jury of our peers, or a choice in the judge or sheriff. At Burlington I met a large number of good friends. Among others, Dr. Peter McLaren, formerly of New York, with whom I once contended for a Greek prize in our school days. For the gratification of my sex, I will just say that we were so nearly matched that we each received a Greek Testament. My ambition in those days was not confined to the recitation room; as many a distinguished Judge and Congressman can testify to the vigorous peltings with snow-balls they have received at my hands. We enjoyed talking over our school days, and recalling the long line of crotchety teachers that had exercised their various gifts in making us miserable. Let no teacher ever flatter himself that he can palm off any sham character on children. They read him through and through, and never forget falsehood or injustice. Burlington is a beautiful town, and abounds in churches. We attended a fair in the basement of one of the churches, where the ladies' seemed full of enthusiasm at the prospect of rolling up a goodly sum to decorate the new edifice. In spite of woman's devotion, I heard that the clergy in many of the western churches had been quietly changing the manual so as to exclude woman's vote in the business matters. It seems to me that if women had proper self-respect, they would get the Manuals all straight, before wasting their energies in building churches, and maintaining clergymen who have no perception of woman's rights and dignity. No man ever yet worshipped God truly that did not first worship some woman. At Elmwood, the people were all excited on a split in their church on woman's voting. Those who shook off the dust from their feet and left the church when denied their rights, formed themselves into a Woman's Suffrage Association, thinking that when they are recognized as political equals in the state the church will succumb.

I enjoyed a Christmas dinner at Mr. Walcott's in Jacksonville where the ladies formed a Suffrage Association in the evening, the Rev. Mr. Clarke in the chair. Here I made many agreeable acquaintances. Professor Turner among the rest, who has most peculiar views in regard to woman. He thinks we are too good to vote, or to come down to man's plane anywhere. I often wonder when I hear men say these things, that they should have the audacity to make proposals of marriage to such angelic beings. I wonder, too, if they have never thought that politics may be lifted up into the world of morals and religion. Surely there is no more sacred duty than legislating on the civil, moral and social interests of mankind. I found the Rev. Mr. Clarke had inaugurated a new system in his congregation. A subject is given out each week for Sunday morning, and different members are appointed to write essays on the topic, women as well as men. Mrs. King read an excellent paper on charity, the morning I attended, after which several persons joined in the discussion, closing with the views of the pastor.

On my way to this point I met a young gentleman in the cars with a head about the size of an apple, who, buttoning up his coat with a pompous air, said, "I heard you last night, but I am not yet prepared for Woman's Suffrage." "I am sorry," I replied, "for I fear you will block the wheels of progress for a century."

In my next I will tell you of my last week in Michigan.

E. C. S.

MISS GARRETT has founded two scholarships for women who wish to study medicine in London.

When will some of the rich women of our country go and do likewise, instead of endowing Professors' chairs in theological seminaries for "poor but pious young men?"

How many fairs have been held? how many poor eyes tortured almost to blindness, doing fancy work to support students in theological seminaries, and aid young men to get a liberal education, we will not attempt to ascertain—suffice it to say, that when women became strong enough to demand admission to colleges, theological seminaries and medical schools, and found that there was no place for them, they saw that they must do their own work, that no college would ever voluntarily open its doors to them, and again fairs, with all their petty toil of pincushions, furbelows, raffles of doubtful morality, post-offices and clap-traps of all kinds, in order to make money, were resorted to; but now, that they are chartered and endowed and it is a fixed fact that women are in the profession, and are successful in practice, nothing more is required except to enlarge and give till they have all the means and appliances that young men have.

It is certainly complimentary to their genius, capacity and power for grasping questions so intricate and lumbered with technicalities, that they have been able to succeed at all, with the meagre opportunities which they have had. They claimed the right as theirs by divine adaptation, and they have proven that the claim was true. Custom and prejudice said, No, it is not your sphere. Spiritual intuition said, Go on, study when, where and how you can, and when you have acquired give to others.

We have been led to these reflections by the unexpected death of Mrs. Charlotte Lozier, who was one of those richly gifted women who seized instinctively medical science, so far as there is any settled principles, and imparted as freely as she received.

Her steady, persistent, unwavering integrity,

and her high sense of duty were strongly marked. Her recent action, prompt and decisive, against a high-handed crime cannot be too much commended. She chose to bear reproach and bitterness, rather than a stain upon her conscience. The impression will long remain with us of her pure, womanly grace and sweetness. Her real strength did not reveal itself in the brief interview we had with her; it was not till she came out firmly to stay the prevalent sin of infanticide that we knew the woman in all her greatness.

Her sense of justice would not allow her to let the wrong-doer escape the penalty of the law, while at the same time she pitied and tenderly cared for the victim. We have been amazed to hear her denounced for this brave, noble act on the ground of professional privacy. It is said she had no right to expose the outrage of having onet housand dollars offered her to commit murder.

The murder of the innocents goes on. Shame and crime after crime darken the history of our whole land. Hence it was fitting that a true woman should protest with all the energy of her soul against this woeful crime.

F. W. D.

PENNSYLVANIA PRISONS.

Hester Vaughan, crying from the dismal cell of a Philadelphia prison, was heard at last by the philanthropic working women of New York and after great labor and expense she was released and returned home to Great Britain. It was not, however, till long, dreary confinement had almost destroyed her health and life. Nobody who investigated her case believed she did, or at the time could have killed her child, she never had a decent trial nor any defence whatever worthy the name. And yet, but for the timely, friendly interference of the working women of New York she would have been, by Pennsylvania law, adjudged a murderer, and to-day would have been sleeping in a dishonored grave, forgotten, and to her relatives in Wales, unknown. Who does not remember with what earnest, untiring and holy devotion the late lamented Mrs. Dr. Lozier espoused and pursued the case until deliverance came and life was saved!

But it was not of Hester Vaughan's prison endurances of which I intended particularly to speak. Governor Geary, who showed himself so *Heroic* towards poor Hester's sufferings, has just sent his annual Message to the Pennsylvania legislature, in which, among other topics, he dwells at some length on the condition of the prisons and penitentiaries. Even he seems to deplore their terrible management and speaks of it in words like these:

The Commissioner, in regard to some of the prisons, describes them as being unsafe, where prisoners could not be held unless loaded with chains, where the sexes were not separated, where there was no discipline, or any effort made towards the moral or religious improvement of the inmates; the buildings totally unfit for the purposes of a prison; and where the prisoners become schooled in vice, and eventually graduated prepared for a life of lawlessness." In some of the prisons the cells are represented as contracted dungeons, into which not a ray of sunshine or a draft of pure air can enter, and in which a human being could not possibly live through a lengthy term of sentence. And in still others, in consequence of the want of proper accomodations, all classes of criminals, from the most hardened and aged to the youth of tender years, are permitted to congregate and indulge in card playing, profanity, and almost every species of immorality and crime. Under such circumstances, reformation, which is the grand object of divine and should be of all human laws and punishments, is rendered impossible whilst hideous lessons of vice are taught and learned, to be practised when future opportunity occurs. This is all wrong, and a remedy for the evil should by all means be applied. No community has a moral or legal right to inflict punishment as a mere retaliatory measure, or in such a manner as to endanger the health and life of the criminal, to deaden him to all the better sensibilities of his nature, and to absolutely harden him to the commission of crime.

The Governor is to be commended for interfering to arrest so horrible a state of things. But a poor little Welch girl, confined in a dark, damp, loathsome cell, in one of these prisons, her nearest relative three thousand miles off, her health gone, her body racked with rheumatism, seeing not a woman, or but one, and that only once or twice for months, had pretty hard work to make him hear her appeals for mercy and release, as she wailed them forth amid the speech and silence of the eternities. When woman helps to govern, it shall not be so.

F. P.

IMMORTALITY.

The statment that Miss Anna E. Dickinson is about to take charge of that firey and altogether portentous little journal, The Revolution, is unfounded. We learn from a recent number, however, that it means to keep up its fight, in spite of the Boston *Woman's Journal*, and to carry it through the next world as well as the present. "If the accounts men give us of the heavenly state be true," it exclaims, "we shall have some wrongs to right in the next sphere." If that isn't adding new terrors to death, we would like to know what would be. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

We are sorry the good *Tribune* is not pleased with the prospect of meeting us in heaven, for we have always looked forward with special pleasure to that time when, with anointed vision, Mr. Greeley should see eye to eye with us on all great questions. When, beside still waters, in shady bowers, fanned by celestial breezes, we should discuss together the moral bearings of Finance, Free Trade and Woman's Rights. When, with the abundant leisure eternity will afford, Mr. Greeley would be one of the most sunny and génial companions.

We know that in this earthly pilgrimage we have been a thorn in the side of the *Tribune*, urging it to magnanimity and constancy; but redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled, lifted to our plane of moral and spiritual perception, we see no reason why we should not spend together an eternity of uninterrupted peace and harmony.

Dead Burying the Dead.—The *Evening Press* thinks that after it is all over with, it would be interesting to know how much it cost to bury George Peabody. Already one ship and four lives have been lost, and the United States have gone to a vast expense. England has spent immense sums of money, and New England is preparing to do the same. Another question should be solemnly pondered by all working men and women, and that is, how is it possible for any man in five and thirty years, to honestly and justly amass such a prodigious fortune as was his, and how many years it would take any one of them to earn it by honest, productive labor at present prices? And one other question. Suppose the interest on his fortune to be one million a year, how many hard working farmers, mechanics or sailors will it take to earn that sum. And yet it has all got to be earned and paid by somebody's hard labor. An awful sight of poverty has to be, *must* be, to make one such rich man.

Sixteen women study medicine in the University of Zurich, Switzerland.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.

Jennie Collins gave a lecture, a week or two since, to a large Boston audience, in reply to Rev. J. D. Fulton's (why *Rev?*) attack on woman's right of suffrage. The Boston papers spoke in exalted terms of the address as they well might, judging it by the following brief periods copied from the *Daily Advertiser*:

Mr. Fulton said that it was the part of women to bear children. Yes, but who could tell how many broken hearts there had been among the mothers of little outcasts in the Little Wanderers' Home and the School Ship, caused by the fathers being drunkards, by base men, by a debased condition of society? and no wonder society is debased when ministers of the Gospel stepped aside to throw dirt at woman! ..... Mr. Fulton had alleged that the Catholic church was gaining ground over the Protestant church. The reason was that the Catholic church was democratic in its character,—the poorest man in it was equal with the richest,—while the Protestant church was made the house of merchandise,—and many Protestant churches looked askant upon the poor, the ministers often preaching to curry favor with the congregation and not for truth's sake. That will be altered when sensible, conscientious and honorable women became preachers in greater numbers..... Mrs. Collins denounced, with much feeling and pathos, the bitter and harsh remarks which were so unfeelingly applied to outcast women, who were often forced and driven out to the streets by harsh and cruel task-masters. It was the false conditions of society and that spirit of money-making, which had often made the house of God a house of merchandise, which in many cases was accountable for that evil. In the weary march of an army, many men fell out with tears in their eyes, because they had got the courage but not the strength to go on. They lay down to die, or were taken up as stragglers. So in the grand march of humanity, many of her poor sisters, with beautiful minds and noble qualities, were driven out by injustice and wrong, and all chance to regain their position was taken from them by men like Mr. Fulton, who called them prostitutes, and was false to his duty towards them as minister, and false to the Master he professed to serve.

"Everlasting Scolding."—The amiable editor of the Northampton *Free Press* thus relieves himself on the Woman's Rights movement, and some of its advocates:

Thousands of men in Massachusetts stand aloof from this reform, and refrain from attending the meetings and conventions assembled in its behalf, simply because they can hear feminine scolding enough when at home. Many of the gentler advocates of this cause have adopted a method of accelerating its progress that reacts disastrously to its welfare. They are intensely in earnest, they are right according to the broadest interpretation of the term, but their method is abominable. If Susan B. Anthony, Anna E. Dickinson, Lucy Stone Blackwell and their like, will have done with their obnoxious and everlasting scolding, and work like true noble women in their endeavors to consummate this reform, the world will wake up some morning and find itself surprised into a cordial endorsement of every right for which they have so long and earnestly labored. Until this radical reform in their method of action is adopted, the public will only laugh at their endeavors, and continue to move along in the little narrow rut trodden by the generations that have gone to rest, unmindful alike of woman's rights or woman's wrongs.

If the *Free Press* were not mistaken about the "feminine scolding," and the "everlasting scolding" it most assuredly would be in the closing period. For "the public" outside of Northampton have long since ceased to regard our enterprise, however conducted, or by whom, as anything but a "laughing matter." And the *Free Press* "may wake up some morning" (if it can be waked) to find Wyoming but "*E Pluribus unum*," one of the many; all the states and territories of the Union being at agreement with her in conceding to woman her full and equal rights as a citizen of a *true Republic*.

Pennsylvania Suffrage Association.—The Philadelphia papers say a State organization has been formed in Philadelphia.

CONSISTENCY.—Why do not the people observe the course of their leaders and rulers closely enough, so as to compare from time to time their action and speech, and see what fools or hypocrites they are, or what fools they think their constituents are? Mr. Sumner eulogized the late Senator Fessenden in his seat the other day, as though he were worthy a crown and throne in the heaven of heavens, and all the most radical republican presses of the North extol Mr. Sumner as the people did King Herod when they lauded his oration as "*the voice of a god and not of a man!*" But did Senator Fessenden ever repent of those heinous sins in the presidential impeachment case, for which those same republican persons and presses rained on his head their fiercest bolts,

Red with uncommon wrath!

BOSTON WORKING GIRLS.—The Boston *Transcript* would never make disclosures like the following but on the very best authority:

During half the year only is there steady work; so that for support during the six off-months' provision must be made from the gains of the preceding ones. And it must also be borne in mind that the lowest price paid in Boston for board—and that in an attic, having in it as many beds as it will hold—is $4 per week, light, fire and washing not included. Now the price paid by the piece-masters for pantaloons is $1.75, and it takes an industrious woman one day and a half to make a pair. If she makes four pairs in a week she will gain $7, and in six months about $150, with which she must support herself through twelve months (and board and lodgings at $4 per week). Or, supposing that she gets some work during the slack season, as many do, she may earn about $220 or $230. Almost precisely the same returns come from vest-making.

These are the more favorably and by no means the worst conditioned of this department of working girls. And it is very doubtful if New York would not present a far worse record than Boston. Who will investigate and bring the results well authenticated to THE REVOLUTION? Let some of the gay and fashionable who say they long to do something useful to humanity and especially for their own sex, undertake it.

THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR.—It misapprehended. My "*short pasturage*," had no respect to what it believes, or inculcates, but to its patronage. Not its subscribers neither, who may be many, but rather its *symphatizers*. It don't believe in any personal God, nor spirit, nor soul, nor immortality of soul, and it honestly and fearlessly says so; while those who dare openly and as fearlessly to stand with it, whatever they inwardly believe, or don't believe, are very few,—very few indeed. And that was what I meant by *short pasturage*. In the practical virtues of temperance, truth, justice, humanity, equality, *equality for men and women alike*, none believe more firmly than does the *Investigator*; none inculcate, defend and exemplify them more bravely.

REV. OLYMPIA BROWN.—The Southport (Conn.) *Chronicle* reports her as giving a temperance address in that town on the 17th instant. With Miss Brown settled at Bridgeport and Mrs. Hanaford in New Haven, both eloquent preachers and lecturers, too, in the Temperance, Woman's Rights, and other great and good causes, and with Mrs. Hooker of Hartford, a host in herself, in a different but not less active, and now scarcely less public sphere, Connecticut must soon be found among the foremost states in the glorious march of progress, humanity and truth.

CITY AND COUNTY WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

THE suffrage meeting which has been held during the past months at the Woman's Bureau in this city, met on Saturday last, at Union Hall, No. 956 Broadway, corner of Twenty-third st., and reorganized under the name of "The Woman's Suffrage Association of the City and County of New York," and as this was the first session, Mrs. Charlotte E. Wilbour was pro tempore President, and Mrs. Crosby, Secretary.

It is understood that Union Hall has been secured for the season as Headquarters of the Association, and that a free public meeting will be held there, at half past two o'clock, on every Saturday afternoon, and that arrangements will be made to have the discussions well sustained at every meeting, by able advocates of the suffrage movement. Strangers temporarily in the city, are respectfully invited, as well as others, to be present and to participate in the deliberations.

N. H. LABOR REFORM CONVENTION.—It is to be held in Eagle Hall, in the city of Concord, on Friday, January 28th, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of adopting a platform and address, nominating State ticket, and transacting such other business as may come before the convention. Now is the time for the Granite State to move with a resistless energy in this most important matter. The battle between labor and capital is begun and will yet shake the very foundations of New Hampshire's mountains. The people have tried and trusted the old parties already far too long. They are led by demagogues both of them, and by such they will be moved and managed, till hurled from their thrones by a too long suffering and outraged community. Beware of them, workingmen and women, and especially when they seek to seduce you into their longer service by platform resolutions, passed for a pretence, and when they creep cunningly into your own meetings to control or counsel your action. Make haste to organize your own party, with nominations, not from the long lines and lists of party hacks, no matter by what name known, but from your own selves, who know your own needs, and your rights too, and knowing, dare demand and defend against all principalities and powers. And remember withal, that woman is laborer, citizen, tax-payer, everything that man is, and in striking gallantly for your own rights, privileges and immunities, do not meanly, ungenerously and undemocratically leave her out of your account, and thus prove yourselves as unjust and oppressive as those out of whose party thraldom you are struggling to escape. P. P.

MIDSUMMER EVE.—A fairy tale of loving and being loved, by Mrs. S. C. Hall. The very sweetest story ever told is, the *Art Journal* tells us, republished, with all the beautiful drawings, and wood engravings, which enriched its first publication. They were by well-known artists, Maclise, Stanfield, and others, but those that seemed most the labor of love were by Sir Joseph Noel Paton. The story is of the far-famed and beautiful Lakes of Killarney, its characters are fresh and natural, and the legends enchanting. Never shall we forget the hour's pleasant chat with the author, the sparkle and brilliancy of her wit, her gentle, genial smile as we parted. P. W. D.

THE BUREAU MEETINGS.

37 TREMONT BUILDINGS,
CHICAGO, Jan. 12th, 1876.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, New York.

DEAR MADAM: I have seen it stated in some paper that your New York Association had laid aside the claims to be considered a National Association, claiming now to be only for the City and County of New York, or something to that effect.

Please inform me if such is the case, and oblige,

Yours very truly, C. B. WAITE.

DEAR FRIEND, JUDGE WAITE: The little *Bureau Meetings* were *never* NATIONAL, though the *press* and everybody would *call* them so. Though time and again, *the mention* of them in THE REVOLUTION has been as *National*—nevertheless they *never were*; and *over and over*, I have explained and denied—and ordered my *printer* never to let them *slip into my paper as National*. *Still* in they went again and again.

Our National Executive Committee have *stated* in those meetings *their action* from time to time, merely that by so doing they could secure *publicity* through the *press*, the *reporters always being present*.

There has never been a *local* society at all until now. The *State* society was *organized* under the National *last August* at *our Saratoga State Convention*, and the city and county of New York are just now organized under the *State Society*. There is therefore no *giving-up or changing* whatever, only *carrying out of original plans*. The original National Woman's Suffrage Association still lives and still proposes to live, and it is by and through the action of its Executive Committee that the National Convention is held at Washington the present week, to urge upon Congress the immediate enfranchisement of the women of the District of Columbia. We demand *National* action this very winter. Work, work, not red tapeism is the order of our going.

Sincerely yours, S. B. ANTHONY.

BARBARISM.—It probably was of no use for the *Sun* to publish the following, will be of no more use for THE REVOLUTION to copy it. It does seem as though tobacco had a more paralyzing effect on the *manners* of men than rum. When a man is deeply drunk, of course he will do anything, no matter what. But there are thousands of drunkards, who, when sober, would be burningly ashamed of what tobacco users will do, who perhaps never taste of intoxicating drinks of any kind, and whose filthy habits are not too strongly photographed by the *Sun*, as follows:

Many of our readers must have seen in the ladies cabin of the Brooklyn ferry boats, the notice, "Gentlemen, out of respect to the ladies, are requested not to soil the floor of this cabin with tobacco juice." The request embodied in this notice is far too generally disregarded. The other evening the ladies cabin on one of the largest and handsomest boats of the Fulton ferry was so bespattered with tobacco juice that a lady, however careful, could hardly take a seat without spoiling her dress. It is time that a habit which causes so much actual discomfort as the use of tobacco does in this should be severely restrained. There is no reason why men should occupy the ladies cabin on a ferry boat, any more than they now do the ladies waiting rooms in the ferry houses; and unless the officers can stop this dirty abuse of quarters into which men gain admittance on sufferance rather than by right, they ought to be excluded.

ANOTHER GRAND TRIUMPH.—Michigan University is opened to women and girls equally with men. Glorious Star of the North! Michigan always was a bright jewel in the coronet of republican liberty.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN COLORADO.

It is "coming right along," as sing the inimitable Hutchinsons, the musicians to the grand march of Progress. Governor Edward M. McCook thus recommends it in his recent Message to the Legislature:

Before dismissing the subject of franchise, I desire to call your attention to one question connected with it, which you may deem of sufficient importance to demand some consideration at your hands, before the close of the session. Our higher civilization has recognized woman's equality with man in all respects save one, suffrage. It has been said that no great reform was ever made without passing through three stages—ridicule, argument and adoption. It rests with you to say whether Colorado will accept this reform in its first stage, as our sister Territory of Wyoming has done, or in the last; whether she will be a leader in the movement or a follower; for the logic of a progressive civilization leads to the inevitable result of a universal suffrage.

Olive Logan.—She is yet working Westward, lecturing in the principal cities from Cleveland to Omaha, where she is due on the 10th of February. Then she commences her return course, arriving in New York early in March, during which month she has engaged to repeat her lecture on Girls in Albany, Syracuse, Oswego, Rochester and other cities and towns in the State. She has also second engagements in Baltimore and Philadelphia, but will on those evenings give her lecture on Paris. She is in Washington on the 28th of March, and then she goes to meet her New England appointments, late in the season to be sure, but the earliest possible time she could get from her crowded programme. Her career the present season is certainly one of the most brilliant on record.

Vermont has organized a Suffrage Association, and announced its intention of canvassing the entire state, before the question shall be submitted to the people. The officers are all men, Judges, Honorables and Reverends, from all parts of the state. This is, as it should be, a Society to confer Suffrage, and not one where women must come as humble suppliants asking as a favor what is theirs by divine right. Women have pressed their claims long enough. It is time sires and sons took it in hand—and gave them rest. Some have grown grey in the work, and others are waiting on this side of the silvery stream, to see the consummation of their life-long desire, ere they pass over to the shining ones who are beckoning them away.

Worcester County, Mass.—At a Convention held in Worcester last week, a society was organized to be known as the Worcester County Woman Suffrage Society, and the following board of officers was elected:

President—Hush R. Shippen of Worcester; Vice-Presidents—Ann B. Earle of Worcester, Velorous Taft of Upton, Rev. M. Belden of Oxford; Corresponding Secretary—Warren Johnson, Worcester; Recording Secretary—Mrs. G. Martin, Worcester; Treasurer—Edw. Earle, Worcester; Auditor—Joseph A. Howland, Worcester; Executive Committee—Abby Kelley Foster, Caroline C. Earle, Rev. M. Stratton, Stephen S. Foster, Mrs. Cutting, Alfred Wyman, Mrs. John D. Baldwin, Mrs. William Brown of Worcester.

Were they any of Mr. Brace's Boys? The two little Milwaukee boys who black boots throughout the day and sell papers in the evening, and have cleared enough during the past season to purchase a $1,300 homestead for their parents?

Does Know its Mother!!—The California woman's paper, started at San Francisco, by Mrs. Emily A. Pitts, first under the name of the *Saturday Mercury*, now the *Pioneer* is a wide-awake, go-ahead youth, not yet quite a year old, is neither ignorant nor ashamed of its ancestor, The Revolution. It is a welcome comer to our sanctum every week. Good friends of the Atlantic States, send your $3 over the mountains, and in return you'll be richly paid with reports of the earnest, whole-souled words and works of the women of the Pacific States. That the *Pioneer* may have many a happy new year is the wish of S. B. A.

The call for a Constitutional Convention is becoming quite general in Rhode Island, and as she enfranchised her colored citizens nearly thirty years ago, women and foreigners are all that now demand justice, and from the notice below we may infer that their time is not distant:

Woman Suffrage Meeting in Barrington, R. I.—Mrs. Elizabeth K. Churchill, agent of the Rhode Island Woman Suffrage Association, addressed the people of Barrington on Monday evening, at Nyatt Hall. Owing to the unpleasant state of the weather, the house was not as well filled as it would otherwise have been, as all the men and women in Barrington are woman's rights people, except those we sent to the Legislature last year. Mrs. C. commenced promptly at the hour announced, by saying that the cause she represented had received the laugh, sneer and contempt of the multitude during all the years it had been agitated, but like a little flower called a camomile, the more it was trod upon the stronger it grew; so this question was growing deeper and stronger in the hearts of its friends. An old Chinese proverb says women bear a large amount of killing. The speaker gave nine prominent reasons, discussing each as presented, why woman should have the ballot, and illustrated the excutive ability of her sex by telling the familiar story of Mother Bickerdike's night on Lookout Mountain, when she outranked General Sherman. Mrs. C. is intelligent, entertaining, modest and pleasant. She is the most successful female lecturer that has appeared upon the Barrington rostrum, and her graceful effort of Monday evening, although delivered without gesture, chained the attention of a delighted audience, who seemed to realize in a measure the difference between the woman of the past and the woman of the present.

If Mrs. Rose Maddern, who is now lecturing in Ohio, in opposition to Woman's Suffrage, as calculated to destroy her "conservative power," and argues that the more woman takes upon her the man-quality the less she governs man, can be induced to come to Barrington and deliver her lecture, we shall probably be able to vote intelligently upon the question. R. C. B.

Woman as City Physician.—If she can be had, Detroit means to procure the appointment of Lucy M. Arnold, M.D., to that office. Many ladies are among the petitioners, who, it is said, "would not maintain or encourage anything that pertained to the enfranchisement of woman, but, on the contrary, would regard it as one of the most appalling evils that could fall upon the American people." Never mind about all that. A few such appointments as the one sought, will, if well and honorably filled, draw like griffins in the chariot of Suffrage. So let all work up to their highest, clearest light.

What Cannot a Brave Woman Do?—Every week brings new records of sublime achievement; this among the rest. A dozen papers have it:

A woman on Maine Prairie, Minn., whose husband has expended his means in buying a wild farm, and being sick, cut the brush from eight acres, dug out the grubs, broke and fenced it, put in two acres of corn and potatoes, and hoed and harvested them, as also one hundred bushels of turnips and one hundred and sixty bushels of wheat. She also, during the summer, dug a cellar for the house, and last, but by no means least, did her housework in a neat manner.

The Michigan Legislature have in their zeal in amending their laws, it seems, almost gone to the other extreme. They have abolished the claim of the widower to the "estate by courtesy" of his deceased wife. He can only possess what she wills him, while she retains her right of dower. This is not equality; it partakes of the spirit of gallantry, and there is danger of reaction.

Woman Suffrage in Baltimore.—At the recent election in Baltimore, there were three women who applied to be registered as voters at the Third ward registry office. Their names were Mrs. L. C. Dundore, Mrs. A. M. Gardner and Miss E. M. Harris, and their cases were held under advisement by the Register.

There is a proposition before the Illinois State Constitutional Convention, to abolish the Senate, and to vest the Legislative authority of the State in a single body, to be called the Legislative Assembly, composed of 300 members; though better, 100 members. An excellent beginning still, of a reform that should extend to every State. Congress should be revolutionized in a similar manner.

Numerical Disproportion of the Sexes.—The Revolution says: "It seems by the latest statements that in Ohio there is an excess of forty thousand five hundred men over women; in Michigan, forty thousand; in California, one hundred and forty-three thousand, and in other States of the West similar proportions." Why did not The Revolution state the relative proportions of the sexes in the New England states?

The Philadelphia *Star* asks that question. The Revolution has stated the New England difference probably forty times, and asked what sort of democracy or republicanism is that which rules those vast majorities there, as though they were so many Circassian slaves? And though the newspaper presses boast *Stars* and *Suns* innumerable, none of them have yet shed much light on that question.

"The Noble Art of Self-defence."—Under this rather imposing caption the *Liberal Christian* of this city advertises a boxing school kept by "a throughly conscienticus and worthy man," and "some circumstances," the *Christian* says, "make us specially solicitous that he should have the patronage of young men of good character who wish to learn the art of self defence or to practice muscular exercises." Down at the bottom of the article it says, "we should rejoice to see a class of our own young men taking lessons," etc., etc. The editor of the *Liberal Christian* might "rejoice;" but how must he regard so barbarous a spectacle who once commanded, "whoso shall smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also?"

Lecture on Charlotte Bronte.—On Wednesday evening next, at 8 o'clock, Mrs. Laura C. Holloway, a young southern lady, of the highest literary accomplishments, will deliver an address in Cooper Institute on the Life and Writings of Charlotte Bronte. Tickets 50 cents to all parts of the house.

It is now said the peasant girls of France are no longer able to meet the great demand for false hair by the sale of their tresses, and the men have taken to cultivating their beards to make up the deficiency. And why not? And hair, too, as well as beards!

Another Shameful Outrage.—Man is woman's "natural protector" beyond a doubt, and grandly he magnifies his office, as was shown the other evening at Astoria on Long Island, where a Mrs. Frances Norris lectured on temperance. She was refused lodgings in Wilson's Hotel of that place, and a brutal constable of the place offered to escort her to a house, but was soon joined by another ruffian, both outrageously assaulting and robbing her. She managed to escape, and was protected by the laborers at the gas house. Upon entering complaints against the ruffians, all the sheriffs and their deputies declined to arrest the criminals, alleging that their lives would be jeopardized by so doing, at the hands of the rest of the gang to which the two constables belong.

Women as the Rebound of a Strike.—It is said that in the Worcester, Mass., *Transcript* office, male and female compositors are employed together, earning equal wages, sometimes about sixteen dollars a week, and that the plan works admirably. This is said to have grown out of a strike. It is added that four sisters of one family, and three of another have been constantly employed, and that nobody grumbles, particularly, at the accepted result; and the managers are good men to work for. Hence the success of the plan.

Woman Naturalization.—The Chicago *Legal News* says the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that when a foreign-born woman, who is entitled to become a citizen of the United States, marries a citizen, she becomes, by virtue of the marriage, a citizen also, without making application to any court to be naturalized; or in other words that the marriage makes a citizen of the foreign-born woman.

Red Tapery.—A Chicago correspondent is trying to pull us into a dispute as to which Woman Suffrage organization, the American or the National, is most legitimate. We are too busy just now, preparing for the whitening harvest-harvest indeed already well begun, to listen to him. It is to be hoped that when we have made a Wyoming of the whole country, that such persons will be able to enjoy the triumph, and they shall certainly be welcome to all the honor they earn in achieving it.

Hopeful Sign.—The Springfield *Republican* thinks Amherst will be the first of the Massachusetts colleges to admit women as students, and that their names may appear in the next year's catalogue. It is good to know that the great influence of the *Republican* in Western Massachusetts will be wielded in support of the measure.

It is reported that a granddaughter of Lorillard, the New-York tobacconist, has given an Italian Count the control of her fortune of $200,000, on condition of his making her a Countess. Well, her father and grandfather probably amassed millions in the tobacco business, and the good to humanity was about what the title will be to the poor simpleton who has paid her princely fortune for it, namely, one unmitigated curse. Money so made, may as well be paid for titles as any other such emptiness.

"The Curse of Labor."—Readers will find it admirably treated in another column, by Ellen M. Harris.

CONNECTICUT.

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker has espoused the cause of suffrage for her sex with an earnestness and determination that are in themselves assurance of immediate and rapid progress and an early triumph. She has already issued two spirited circulars and is scattering them broadcast over the state. One is official, and its objects may be seen in part in the opening sentences as follows:

The Executive Committee of the Connecticut Woman Suffrage Association present the following statement, and earnestly invite the co-operation of all whom this circular may reach.

1. The Association will, for the present, keep at the book store of Geer & Pond, No. 256 Main street, Hartford, near the Post Office, a full assortment of books, tracts, and petitions for sale, and for gratuitous distribution also, according as funds are furnished for that end. All business communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Miss F. E. Burr, 788 Main street, Hartford. Letters of inquiry and consultation may be addressed, if preferred, to the president, Rev. N. J. Burton, Hartford. All contributions to our funds may be forwarded to the Treasurer, Mr. William B. Smith, Box 771, Hartford.

2. The work to be done by individuals is to organize County and other local Woman Suffrage Associations—to circulate petitions to Congress, and to our State Legislature, as to the ballot for woman, to secure signatures of both men and women to the Constitution of the Connecticut Woman Suffrage Association—to distribute books, tracts and periodicals—to collect funds for the efficient prosecution of our work throughout the State—and to secure, everywhere, public discussions and public lectures bearing on our cause.

Mrs. Hooker's other circular is her own, and relates to The Revolution as follows:

TO THE FRIENDS OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN CONNECTICUT.

It is exceedingly important that a weekly newspaper, devoted to the advocacy of Woman Suffrage, and kindred topics, should be circulated as largely as possible in this State.

The Revolution, published in New York, announces in its prospectus for 1870 the names of several eminent contributors who have never before appeared in its columns, and promises a rich and generous supply of material for thought and instruction on these topics, and invites discussion from all quarters.

At the request of the proprietor, I have consented to receive letters of suggestion, inquiry and criticism from citizens of Connecticut, with a view to their publication in its columns when expedient; and I do hereby cordially invite personal friends, and friends of the cause of truth and progress, to put themselves in communication with me on these subjects, with that end in view. I desire it to be understood, however, that I undertake this service unofficially and without compensation.

I would also invite every one whom this private circular may reach to become an agent for The Revolution, on the terms proposed in the prospectus contained in the accompanying paper, and send subscriptions directly to Miss Susan B. Anthony, No. 49 East 23d street, New York.

Isabella B. Hooker.

Hartford, Conn., Jan. 1, 1870.

Mrs. Hooker will be gratified to know that already The Revolution is receiving subscribers in response to her appeal, and that the tone of the public press in the state is very cheering, as are other indications every week received from individuals or associations there.

Kansas.—The legislature convened last week and elected a full board of officers, including Miss Emma Campbell of Topeka as enrolling clerk.

Philadelphia Public Ledger Almanac for 1870, adapted to Philadelphia particularly, but good as greenbacks anywhere—an encyclopedia of chronological records, facts and general information. Eighty thousand circulated gratis to *Ledger* subscribers.

76 Columbia Heights,
Brooklyn, Jan. 10th, 1870.

My Friend, Miss S. B. Anthony: Although I only saw a few copies of The Revolution in 1869, those that I did read more than repaid the price, and as my name dates among the very first of your subscribers there I desire it to remain.

Your paper, if possible, is improving; and is as full of grand ideas as an egg is of meat. With friend P. P. at the helm; E. C. S. on the lookout for breakers; Mrs. T. T. in the column of poetry; Miss A. C. with her new story; Mrs. P. W. D. with an ever-ready pen; the Beechers sprinkling their wise and original thoughts broadcast in its columns; and yourself at the engine, it can and will further the great ideas for which it was started.

I am, as ever, your well-wisher,

Edwin A. Studwell.

Train at Tammany.—Strange as it may appear to many, and remarkable as it actually is, no preacher in the city begins to draw like the apostle Train. And surely, nobody can say his audience will not compare favorably in quality with the most popular churches. In numbers, he vastly distances any of them. His discourses are long, but the thousands who heard him last Sunday evening seemed only to regret the close. He would have been patiently heard much longer. And yet there probably was not one present who did not regret an occasional allusion if not whole statement, as he thundered and lightened along. He hurled terrible defiance and rebuke at press, pulpit, political parties, the president, congress and all who, as he declared, and as his audience evidently believed, are plundering the people only to fatten on the spoils. His apostleship, together with the interest he everywhere awakens, as well as in Tammany Hall, is surely the most remarkable phenomenon of the hour.

Two Good Consciences.—Mrs. Lewis, the Boston mother, whose little daughter was stolen from her and brought to New York secretly and hidden away by her father, who does not live with his wife, has recovered her child by a just decision of a New York court, and both are now safe back in Boston.

Horace Cooke, too, the reverend stealer of one of the fair lambs of his flock, has also returned bringing his prey with him, and, strange as it may seem, untorn too, and uninjured, to her sorrowing home. Reverend is a solemn title for men, even ministers, to assume. There is but one being in the universe of whom it should ever be said, or sung, "Holy and *Reverend* is His Name," and he is far from being a Methodist minister.

Foreign Operations.—A new paper is about to be established in Manchester, with Miss Lydia Becker as editor, to be called *The Home*. Women are to be employed as compositors, and are to use the American type-setting machine, by which it is estimated that the work will be done at about one-third present prices. A number of young women have been training for some time in view of the undertaking.

The Hindoos, in their new order of worship of the one true God, the "All Holy," forbid that any sect shall be villified, hated, or ridiculed. If we could be taught love, truth, and harmony, what an excellent thing it would be to have missionaries sent us from there.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.—There will be a Grand Union Temperance Meeting at Cooper Institute, Sunday Evening, January 23d, 1870, at 7½ o'clock, under the auspices of the Sons of Temperance and all friends of humanity. The audience will be addressed by Hon. Horace Greeley, who will preside, Rev. S. Merritt, Jr., Grand Worthy Patriarch, S. of T.; Rev. T. T. Kendrick, Wm. H. Burleigh, who will read an Original Poem, and John W. Hutchinson. Appropriate songs will be sung by the Hutchinson Family. Admission free.

OLIVE LOGAN IN BALTIMORE.

WE had the rare fortune to hear Olive Logan deliver her lecture on "Girls," in this city, in Maryland Institute, before an audience numbering little short of three thousand. Confident as we felt of being entertained by a lecturer of no ordinary talent, yet were we unprepared for the revelation of a splendid *woman*, made of the best materials that God devotes to such creations, a wit flashing like sunlight from the edges of Toledo *Blade*, an intellect strong in the muscle of logic, a soul brave in the champions' ip of truth and right, and, to crown all, a grand self-possession, mark of a well poised nature, enabling her to maintain her own individuality, clearly outlined, against any conflicting magnetic power of her audience. But if we were taken by surprise, considerably more so, we suspect, were the gentlemen of the committee who did the unprecedented thing of engaging a woman to open the regular course of lectures for the Maryland Institute. Doubtless they were betrayed into doing so by accounts of the brilliant Olive's overwhelming success with her "Girls" in the leading cities of the north, never dreaming that they were calling into the camp of conservatism a disseminator of the domestic treason of Woman Suffrage to addle the brains of Baltimore's daughters. When this appalling fact flashed upon them, as it did before the speaker had occupied the stand many minutes, their uneasy glances and fidgetty movements as they sat in full view upon the platform, disclosed that they realized what a friend beside us remarked at the time, that unawares they had "caught a Tartar." But if they found their conservatism unexpectedly compromised before a southern audience, they had the compensation of seeing the speaker take her audience into her own management, shoulder the responsibility, and in her unflinching, straight-forward march, draw them after her, curious and fascinated. As an instance of her power of command, we mention the following: In the course of her lecture, an incidental and illustrative allusion, depreciatory to negro slavery, brought down a mingled shower of applause and hisses, according to the varying political prejudices of her hearers. There are certain individuals who so persist in identifying themselves with their demolished idol that even a slighting reference to its carcass they feel as a personal affront, and as jealously resent. At this critical juncture, Miss Logan raised her hand deprecatingly, steadied her gaze before her audience, and with the dignified rebuke, "Is this gentlemanly conduct?" turned the scales fairly upon the side of applause. Another instance, and not the least among her triumphs, was the good understanding she established between herself and the junior members of the Institute, of whom a large number were present, before the opening of the lecture, making noisy demonstrations of restive impatience. These juniors (boys in their teens and under) have been, for several years back, by their habitually unruly behavior, the blight of the Institute lectures. A specimen half-dozen occupied the settee before us, and filled us with dismal misgivings, as to our chance for a satisfactory hearing. They sat with hats on, in a high state of wit, titter, and independence, evidently intending to play the part of intimidator to the presumptuous "her," about to intrude upon a masculine platform. In less than three minutes after Miss Logan made her appearance, the hats were doffed instinctively; the young gentlemen were carried unresisting through the lecture to its close, ears and eyes open wide to catch every word and gesture, applauding and laughing only in the right places, effrontery gone, and a genuine *liking* established in its stead.

Let me say as a woman, born, educated, and resident in Baltimore, that Olive Logan has my grateful thanks that she has sowed broadcast in this city a seed that will shortly prove its planting. She has opened eyes and ears that could not otherwise have been persuaded to see or hear, touched hearts that else would have remained insensible. In saying this I speak for many women of this section who appreciate a word of justice in their behalf from a true woman, one who is herself a bright exemplification of the principle she advocates. E.

THE HOME AUTOCRAT.

HIS power has long been almost unlimited. His family, wife and children, are subjects whom he is free to make happy or unhappy, torture or ruin. For is he not master of property, person, happiness, nay life itself? for if he only kills *gradually*, he may pass as unnoticed as the Grand Sultan disposing of slaves at midnight. All history unites in condemning the malignant tyranny of past kings and emperors; but when the annals of each little reign are laid open to the final judgment of the Supreme Judge, histories will be unveiled of household despots and martyrs as terrible as the dark horrors of the Inquisition.

And those who watch the occasional development of cases wherein this power is used in its full advantage, must think with trembling of the final account to be rendered by the many never brought to earthly justice.

But it seems that British Courts having taken cognizance of a case at Liverpool, wherein the husband, Rev. Mr. Kelly, supposed his infamous course of cruelty toward his wife was kept within the exact letter of the law, have decided said course to be cruel, in the legal sense of the word, and have thus defined the limit of marital authority:

"Without disparaging the just and paramount authority of a husband, it may be safely asserted that a wife is not a domestic slave, to be driven at all cost short of personal violence into compliance with her husband's demands. And if force, whether physical or moral, is systematically exerted for this purpose, in such manner, to such a degree, and during such length of time, as to break down her health and render serious malady imminent, the interference of the law cannot be justly withheld by any court which affects to have charge of the wife's personal safety." This decision will somewhat astonish a certain class of the lords of creation, who, like Kelly, labor under the delusion that as long as there are no black eyes, bodily bruises, or broken limbs, that such a course is not inhuman; and the broken heart, tortured life, and final insanity of his victim, will not bring him to the immediate punishment he so richly deserves. The wife of the Rev. Mr. Kelly, at this time sixty years of age, came into the possession of a legacy of £5,000; this, according to law, became the absolute property of her husband, although she supposed it to be settled upon herself, and wished to bestow it upon her son. The most of the money being expended and lost in affairs of his own, her husband refused any satisfactory explanation on the subject. When Mr. Kelly found his wife had sought and obtained knowledge of his disposition of the money from another quarter, it so enraged him that he commenced a course of torture peculiarly despicable.

He did not strike blows, that might be illegal, but what was infinitely more cruel, kept her confined, forbid the servants to obey her, opened all her letters and allowed her to write nothing but what was shown him, denied her the use of money, and even prohibited communion of her church, denouncing her sin as the vilest thing possible. And finally when her physicians declared that insanity or paralysis would inevitably result, Mrs. Kelly brought a suit for separation. When in court, this Rev. scoundrel not only defended his right to pursue such a course with regard to his wife, but challenged proof of any legal cruelty. That such cruelty was decided criminal in the case of Kelly *vs.* Kelly, and the perpetrator punished, let those silent, suffering households similarly situated, and all lovers of justice and humanity be ever thankful. E. W.

Chicago, Jan. 5th, 1870.

WHAT WOMAN'S EMANCIPATION WILL DO FOR MAN.

THE opponents of Woman's Emancipation are dreadfully given to extolling the superior morality of the sex, whom they class with idiots, lunatics, criminals, and paupers. Whether the women of the period are really superior to the men is a question. But it is impossible to dispute their superiority in the important matter of personal habits. Promiscuous unchastity, drunkenness, the use of tobacco, opium, and other poisons; these vices are notoriously common among men, and rare among women. This is not because the natural appetites of the sexes are different—there is no reason to believe they are. It is not because the severe studies and exertions of the male sex create a passion for excitement—a woman's work, in nine cases out of ten, is more irritating and enervating than her husband's. It is simply because women, being in a state of subjection, and regarded as existing for the benefit of men, are not *allowed* to indulge in such loathsome, filthy practices, while the irresponsible lords of creation are seldom or never taught to bridle their desires. Now, will the effect of emancipating women be to extend men's license to them, or to bring their purity to men? A man's answer to that question is a test of his character. It shows whether he deifies vice or virtue, despair or hope, the devil or God. When women feel their independence, will they, long used to the blessings of temperance and virtue, imitate the vices they now just submit to, or will they teach the other sex that they are as necessary to the happiness of men as men to their's, and that, being free, they will no more tolerate such abominations in men, than men will in them? If they do the latter, it will be the greatest of all blessings to both sexes, but especially to the male.

C. L. JAMES.

LITERARY.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON BANKING. By James William Gilbart, F.R.S., General Manager of the London and Westminster Bank. To which is added the National Bank Act as in force in 1863, and the Annual Report on the Condition of the Bank. Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird, 406 Walnut street. Octavo, 600 pages. Price, $4.50.

A large, and doubtless, from an English stand point, very valuable treatise on Banks, Bankers and Banking and whatever pertains to them, of art, science, morals and religion, all of which come under notice and receive due attention. In the preface, the author commends his work. 1st. To public men who have occasion to write, speak, or especially to legislate on banking institutions. 2d. Those who are engaged practically in banking operations. 3d. The shareholders in joint stock banks. 4th. To all who "keep bankers." And, finally, the author thinks it may be useful to the public at large as containing that kind of information which will tend to prevent a recurrence of evils that in time past have resulted from the bad administration of banking institutions. Though written for the British public, it cannot be of more importance there than in this country; and though not exactly adapted to the moneyed meridian of New York, will yet yield a vast amount of valuable information to any earnest enquirer.

GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO.'S AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY. Containing accurate lists of all the newspapers and periodicals published in the United States and territories, and the Dominion of Canada and British Colonies of North America, together with a description of the cities and towns in which they are published. New York: G. P. Rowell & Co., publishers and newspaper advertising agents, 40 Park Row. A very handsome octavo volume of more than 350 pages.

THE CHRONICLE ALMANAC FOR 1870. Political, religious, moral, social and scientific. A miniature magazine or encyclopedia on all those subjects. Cincinnati *Chronicle* office. All Ohio, at least, should have it.

MOTHER'S JOURNAL. A monthly magazine. Mary G. Clarke, editor. Chicago: J. N. Clarke. $2.00 a year. A tolerable family paper, but it should not be commending nor recommending such a book as L. P. Brockett's Woman's Rights and Wrongs.

THE CINCINNATI GAZETTE. Annual *Register* and Handbook of information for 1870. Cincinnati *Gazette* office. About a hundred and twenty well packed pages of political, statistical, and all sorts of valuable information.

THE JOURNAL OF SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY. Edited by William T. Harris. The most scholarly, and every way the ablest metaphysical and philosophical journal now published in America. St. Louis: E. F. Gray and F. Rosslein. New York: J. Wiley & Son. $3.00 per volume. Single copies, 50 cents.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL for January 22 holds its full bigness as it began the year, and that is recommendation enough. Were it more declarative in support of woman's cause, it might add to its value and cost nothing in its popularity. Appleton & Co., 90, 92, 94 Grand street, New York. 10 cents per week; $4 a year.

ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS.—The monkey which the Empress Eugenie brought home from the East has begun to feel the penalties of greatness. No fewer than fifteen photographers devoted to the reigning dynasty have applied for the privilege of taking their favored brother's portrait.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—I have used a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-machine in my shop for eight years, on an average of eight hours a day, making garments from the heaviest beaver to the finest cambric. I have taught at least twenty different persons to run it, and you know beginners do not improve a machine. It has never been out of repair, and is good for ten years more if used properly.

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AMERICAN ARTISTS IN ITALY.—It is said there are seven American women now practicing sculpture in Rome, viz: Miss Whitney, Miss Hosmer, Miss Freeman, Miss Stebbins, Miss Edmonia Lewis, Miss Vinnie Ream and Miss Foley. But it is painful to add that the most eminent medical men have little or no hope that Miss Cushman will ever be better of her fearful disease.

Financial Department.

[Under this head, correspondents are responsible for their own sentiments, and not THE REVOLUTION.]

LETTER TO A CONGRESSMAN.

DETROIT, December 25, 1869.

DEAR SIR: Our country needs above all things for its development, cheap capital. Thousands of projects important to its best interests are deferred from inability to command the funds, and swarms of our people are idle and restless for the want of employment. It would seem, when the brains and muscles are thus existing, that there ought to be some way of bringing them together so that all might be profited. Here we have two of the essential ingredients of prosperity. Have we not the third also, and if not, why not? I think we have, and plenty of it, too.

The Government became a competitor for the surplus capital of the country eight years ago, when its life was at stake. It then bid heavily for all it could get, and now, after over five years of peace, it bids the same extreme war rate. This is so heavy that it crowds all but the greediest borrowers out of the market and consequently nothing but an extraordinary business can now be done on borrowed capital and let the business man live.

But there are other causes increasing the difficulty. The National Banking law was limited at three hundred millions and took the place of eight hundred millions of State Banks, which the government has since taxed out of existence. This three hundred millions of capital was at first given to the North, but the South has since taken its quota, and our population has increased twenty-five per cent. or more, so that we have now scarcely any live capital left. Then again, the "call loan" system has drained all the available capital from most sections of the country, so that many or most of them are almost impoverished.

What is needed is a Free Banking law, with its circulation secured by government bonds mainly or in part. This would create a demand for the bonds, so that foreign loans would not be needed nor asked for. It would besides remove the government as a competitor from the money market, and really convert it into a basis of wealth, the same as the National Banks now are. The latter have been of vast service to the government and to the country, but none of them are needed. Besides, we want no monopolies in our country, where a few have privileges at the expense of the many. With us monopolies are odious. Supply and demand should negotiate all business transactions.

So, too, there ought to be no limit as to the rate of interest. Laws against usury are humbugs, as lenders always over-reach them and oblige borrowers to come to their terms. The true way is to create and bring out capital, so as to have competition among the lenders. Put our whole government bonds into Free Banks and we would have this condition of matters speedily. Europe would then have no chance to dictate terms for our government loans, and our Secretaries would never think of establishing foreign agencies to pay interest in Europe so as to make it easy to borrow there. Foreign Jews and bankers would be glad to come here to get our bonds at our own terms, instead of theirs. We could then dictate instead of begging.

In olden times banks loaned their money at 6 to 7 per cent. and did a good business with a coin reserve as security. This coin drew no interest. The question at once arises why cannot the banks just as well hold governments without interest as coin without interest, and why are not the bonds just as safe to the people as the coin? It seems to me a plain proposition that they are. If not, it is enough to make them so, and if done—if our governments were treated as coin, it would give as much capital to the country as though two billions of gold were dug from our mines and distributed among our people; and better, too, because more easily handled and made convertible. Nobody wants coin if good paper can be had which everybody has confidence in. Our bonds can always enjoy this confidence if rightly treated, and if so we need nothing better.

It seems to me that there is no necessity for the panics and convulsions we have heretofore experienced. We have had none for the eight years of our new financial system and can have none if our Governments are only made secure as they now are. Panics have always resulted from coin being in the hands of irresponsible and uncontrollable agents. Hence coin is a most dangerous element for the people to base their financial systems upon. We need the protection of the government, instead of being at the mercy of money sharks who have always delighted in victimizing the public. It is this class who are now dissatisfied with the present state of things. They long to have our government relax its present system of protecting the people's pockets, so that they can renew their games as in the days of yore. Now our securities are beyond contingency and there can be no panics.

If the project of making government bonds without interest can be made feasible (and why not?) think of the great benefits to our people! The odious Internal Revenue law might be forever repealed, or if desirable to retain it upon whiskey and tobacco, the tariff might be taken off from tea, coffee, spices and other articles not produced at home.

But the benefits of removing this mill-stone from the people's necks would be less than dust in the scales compared to the advantage of cheap capital. There is really no necessity of money being higher than two or three per cent. in our country, and at this rate what would not be accomplished? Railroads, manufactories, inventions, commerce, trade and everything would be stimulated to a degree never dreamed of by the wildest and craziest amongst us. It would stagger even Geo. F. Train to draw a picture of the great and glorious future of our own growing and prosperous country.

The fact is, we have the best climate and soil upon the globe. Our institutions giving every man the product of his toil, instead of dividing it among the church, state and banditti, as the rest of the world too generally does, creates a stimulus for mental and muscular exertion that if rightly developed and managed, can work wonders. Congress can in no way serve our country so well as to legislate for security these glorious results. Let it try, and keep on trying, and if some failures are made, it can eventually succeed.

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27	31.12	18 "	560.16	439.84	1000.00
33	37.46	16 "	599.36	400.64	1000.00
39	45.76	14 "	640.64	359.36	1000.00
45	57.03	12 "	684.12	315.88	1000.00
51	72.97	10 "	729.70	270.30	1000.00
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